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ALLEGIANCES

LIGHTNINGCLAN

Leader: Crowstar ~ Black tom with gray eyes

Deputy: Stormfur~ Gray tom, majorly blinded, stubbed tail, three legs, and amber eyes

Warriors: Woodfeather~Brown tom with amber eyes

Darkclaw~Gray tabby with blue eyes, she-cat

Tigerpelt~Golden-orange and black striped tom with sky-blue eyes (Father of Mosspaw and Shadepaw)

Jaywhisker~ Silver tabby she-cat with blue eyes and a white muzzle (Mother of Mosspaw and Shadepaw)~ Apprentice- Mudpaw

Yang~ White tom cat with a black marking over his eye; originally a loner~Apprentice- Shadepaw

Yin~ Black she-cat with a white marking over her eye; originally a loner~ Apprentice- Blossompaw

Firestorm~ Ginger tabby tom with orange eyes

Longpelt~ Light gray she-cat with extraordinarily long whiskers and curious blue eyes

Sandcloud~ Light tan she-cat with darker tan splotches and yellow eyes~ Apprentice- Mosspaw

Gearpelt~ Black tom with yellow eyes

Apprentices:

Mudpaw~ Dark brown tom with yellow eyes

Shadepaw~ Brown tabby tom with blue eyes

Blossompaw~ Tortoiseshell she-cat with soft light blue eyes and a gentle smile

Mosspaw~ White tom with gray specks. Blue eyes

Queens:

Echofur~Light brown she-cat with amber eyes. (Has retired to the Nursery to help and aid nurturing queens) (Former mother of Mudpaw and Blossompaw)

Medicine Cat~ Hollyherb~ Black she-cat with green eyes

Medicine Cat Apprentice~ Spottedleaf~ Black tortoiseshell she-cat with green eyes

Elders~ SIlverpelt~ Silver tabby she-cat with blue eyes; Former mother of Hollyherb

RAINCLAN

Leader: Riverstar~ Black she-cat with amber eyes

Deputy~ Moleclaw~ Brown and gray spotted tom with hazel eyes

Warriors~ Tanglefur~ Calico she-cat with a naturally tangled pelt and blue eyes

Cavestone~ Blue-gray tom with gray eyes

Tinyheart~ Small black she-cat with light yellow eyes

Oakclaw~ Bracken tabby tom with amber eyes

Scarface~ Brown she-cat with a scar covered face, was attacked by a bear, and was renamed afterwards.

Apprentice~ Fishpaw~Orange and white spotted she-cat with blue eyes.

Queens~ N/A

Medicine Cat: Duskwaters~ Dappled orange white and black tom with orange eyes

Elders~ Stoneblizzard~ Dark gray tom with amber eyes, and a gray dappled pelt

Snowheart~ White she-cat with blind blue eyes (Lost sight due to age)

GLOOMCLAN

Leader~ Leafstar~ Extremely old brown tom (blind)

Deputy~ Nightfur~ Dark blue-gray she-cat with blue eyes

Warriors~ Tigerdusk~ Dark gray tabby tom with amber eyes

Lightfall~ Pale yellow she-cat with black stripes

(There are no more warriors because the whole other 7 warriors were wiped out by a bear AND badger attack, the current warriors are still suffering)

Apprentices~ Cinderpaw~ Light gray she-cat with gray eyes (Lost an ear to the battle)

Queens~ Tallear~ Black and white spotted she-cat with long ears (Mate: Tigerdusk) (Expecting 3 kits)

Medicine Cat~ Moonsong~ Light gray she-cat with black stripes and blue eyes

Medicine Cat Apprentice~ Littlepaw~ Light gray tom with gray eyes

Elders~ N/A

(All elders wiped out from the attack)

BREEZECLAN

Leader~ Wavestar~ Gray and white dappled she-cat with blue eyes

Deputy~ Owlheart~ Brown tom with yellow eyes

Warriors~ Barkear~ Really dark brown tom with brown eyes

Birdjaw~ Light gray she-cat with blue eyes

Blossomheart~ Tortoiseshell she-cat with green eyes

Icewish~ Ice color she-cat with blue eyes

Mothsplash~ Light brown, long-legged tom with amber eyes

Apprentices~ N/A

(Brackenpaw died of greencough D:)

Queens~ Jaycry~ White she-cat~ Nursing Redkit and Waterkit~ Mate drowned (Clawfur)

Medicine Cat~ Littlebreath~ Really old light gray tom with gray eyes

Elders~ N/A

THE MEADOW/SHADOWCLAN

Leader~Branch~Brown old tom, amber eyes

Deputy~Shadepaw~Brown tabby tom, with white chest and belly, blue eyes

Warriors:

Moon~ Fluffy white and black tabby tom, green eyes

Whisper~ Black tom, amber eyes

Small Screw~ Light gray she-cat, blue eyes

Shattered Heart~ Brown tabby she-cat, blue eyes

Starling Wing~ Blue-gray she-cat, gray eyes

Meadow Flower~ Brown she-cat, yellow eyes

Lightning Bolt~ Pale yellow tom, green eyes

Sleek Shadow~ Black she-cat, green eyes

Tiger Strike~ Powerful brown tabby tom, blue eyes

PROLOGUE

A black figure shivered in the blizzard, each speck of snow like an icicle dragging into his skin. His eyes narrowed into slits as he fought to keep them open. *Why am I here?* He wondered. Then, as if in slow motion, the blizzard slowed down to a regular fall of snow; peaceful.

A small wisp of light ran past the tom's nose and came back as if beckoning him to follow it. The tom obeyed and followed the strange creature.

He was led into a forest, its dense undergrowth making it almost impossible for snow to pass through. Each ray of light shone down through any gap possible, lighting the pathway. The pathway was already tread down to look like it was that way the whole time. The tom walked more, and finally into a bright sunny clearing, the snow seemed pushed off into walls so that not one flake would touch the sacred ground.

The wisp of light stopped, and turned towards the black tom; then it grew larger and larger, and eventually into the size of a small light gray tom. His blue eyes beared no pupils, declaring he was blind.

The dark tom dipped his head in greeting,"Birdwing it is a pleasure to see you after all these years."

Birdwing nodded his head in exchange but remained silent. Though, in his silence, was the words of the truth. Birdwing looked up to the sky and pointed with his tail; and as if spoken through minds, the dark tom heard a voice in his head, *look up*. The tom indeed did look up to find the bright blue sky had turned into the blackest night. A passing-by cloud formed the shape of a large and bulky cat, with the look of loyalty in his eyes. Then the cloud turned into a raging fire, and in a matter of seconds, the beautiful forest was burned to ashes around the two cats.

The black tom blinked his gray eyes a few times and shook his head. "What does this mean, Birdwing?"

Birdwing looked down, and then at the tom,"Crowstar, this is very important that you remember. This may be the worst prophecy of your dreams, and I am sorry to hear you must bear through it as a leader. But, Starclan knows you are strong enough to lead your Clan through the terrors." The light gray cat sighed and looked back towards the sky, which had now become a light blue once more, the clouds passing by as peacefully as if nothing ever had happened.

Birdwing looked back at Crowstar,"Remember this.."

"*Dark Power Will Conquer The Clans, For Beware A Trusted Cat, May Become The Biggest Fear*"

CHAPTER 1

Shadekit squealed in excitement as he pounced on his calm brother, Mosskit. Mosskit gave a playful hiss and prodded his paw against his brother's ear.

"Bet you can't be as good a warrior I will be, Mosskit!" Shadekit teased.

"I will be a good warrior too!" Mosskit mewed. The kit pounced back on Shadekit, pinning him down, but not for long.

Shadekit pushed Mosskit off of him, and jumped into battle position. "Look out, GloomClan is coming!"

Mosskit narrowed his eyes and smiled, ready for the pretend battle against his "GloomClan" brother. The two gave power to their hind legs, and jumped onto each other. Shadekit winning by weight, and pinning Mosskit down successfully.

"See? Told you I'd make a good warrior!" Shadekit gleamed.

A calico she-cat came over with a gentle smile,"Now, now, young ones, you'll both be fine warriors. No need to tease each other over it."

Mosskit looked at the she-cat calmly, then smiled,"But Spottedleaf!... We all know I'll be better!" He chuckled.

"No! I'll be the best!" Shadekit glared at his brother seriously.

Spottedleaf sighed, *kits these days, always into who will be better!* she laughed a little bit, and looked at the kits,"You should probably head out into the clearing with your parents, something exciting is happening soon!" Spottedleaf smiled, and walked away to begin sorting the herbs with Hollyherb.

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The two kits snuggled against their parents as they thought about who they wanted their mentors to be.

"I want Longpelt," Mosskit whispered excitedly,"She seems so fun and bright!"

"I want Firestorm, he's so brave and loyal, I want to be like him!" Shadekit whispered back.

Tigerpelt overheard his two sons telling each other what they want, and wrapped his tail around them,"You know, being a good warrior depends on your mentor. Sometimes the mentor *you* want, won't be the best choice, but the leader knows the best cat for you both."

Jaywhisker twitched her ear and added in,"I'm proud of you my sons, and I know Sparkkit would be proud of you too!"*

***Sparkkit is Mosskit's and Shadekit's sister, that was born alive for 2 moons, her eyes finally opened on the day she would die due to weakness. Sparkkit now lives happily in StarClan, watching over her family.**

Crowstar scrabbled up to the High-Branch (where meetings were announced), and yelled out for all to hear,"All cats old enough to hunt for themselves gather beneath the High-Branch for a Clan meeting!"

The fellow cats of LightningClan gathered, as instructed, and waited to see what was to happen.

"Shadekit, Mosskit, Mudkit, and Blossomkit, come below the High-Branch." As he said this, Crowstar carefully made his way down to meet the matured kits.

The leader looked at Blossomkit first,"Blossomkit, you have reached the age of six moons, and it is time for you to be apprenticed. From this day on, until you receive your warrior name, you shall be known as Blossompaw. Your mentor will be Yin. I trust that Yin will pass down all she knows to you."

Blossompaw nodded excitedly and waited for Yin to become her

official mentor.

"Yin, step up please," Crowstar beckoned with his tail.

Yin gracefully walked over to the leader, the look of loyalty in her eyes, and a grand smile that she was known for.

Crowstar spoke,"Yin, you are ready to take on an apprentice. You have received excellent training from me and you have shown yourself to be graceful and strong. You will be the mentor of Blossompaw, and I expect that you pass down all you know to her."

Yin nodded,"I respect your choice of me being mentor for young Blossompaw. I will pass down all I know to her, and to protect her with my life. I promise she will become a great warrior in your Clan."

The black and white marked she-cat touched her muzzle to Blossompaw's, it was the moment of peace that silenced the Clan, the time for more warriors has come.

The cats were all about to cheer, but Crowstar raised his tail for silence,"We will announce the apprenticeship and mentors of the other three." The Clan smiled, knowing now there will be more warriors added to their family.

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The ceremonies went perfect, no flaws, no mishaps, and everyone was proud and cheering.

"Blossompaw! Mudpaw! Shadepaw! Mosspaw!" They all sang repetitively.

The apprentices felt a feeling they couldn't quite identify, whether is was pride, or power they felt, they weren't so sure. The fact they had reached a new level brightened their mood, the fact they would be a great addition to the Clan made them happy, and their mentors had been well picked.

Blossompaw went off to explore the territory with Yin, whilst Mudpaw went to tell Echofur all about his new mentor, Jaywhisker.
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Shadepaw and Mosspaw both told father about Yang and Sandcloud.*

***If you are getting confused with all these names, I suggest you visit LightningClan's allegiances again.**

The day ended with a small breeze, and a dark night, all the apprentices stayed up late, talking about their mentors, and finally drifted off into sleep, along with everyone else.

Chapter 2

Shadepaw stalked through the undergrowth stealthily as he kept his eyes on a mouse. His tail only slightly moving left to right. Yang watched from afar, tossing out quiet advice as his apprentice worked on his pounce. Shadepaw's eyes narrowed as he bunched up his hindquarters. Then he gave great power to his back legs and jumped high in the air, but perhaps too high. The mouse had spotted the cat mid-air, and before Shadepaw could bring his paws down to his prey, the mouse scurried into a little hole in the ground.

"Mouse-dung!" Shadepaw yelled as he landed.

Yang walked up to Shadepaw with a calm look on his face,"Next time, don't jump so high. The amount of power you gave to your hind legs, could've made noises on the leaves below you, let alone jumping that high allows the prey to spot you. It's okay, only your 5th time of practice, hunting can take *moons* to perfect."

Shadepaw gave his chest fur a few embarrassed licks. He felt bad that he wasn't able to catch anything for his Clan yet, but he was only 2 quarter-moons in on being an apprentice. *I'm sure no other apprentice had perfected it their first time,* Shadepaw thought as he licked his paw and brought it over his head.

"Let's get back to camp, maybe later we could practice some battle skills?" Yang broke through the silence and started walking back to camp, his tail twitched, signaling that Shadepaw should follow him. Shadepaw reluctantly followed, he wanted to keep practicing, but both he and his mentor knew that Shadepaw would get frustrated even more.

Woodfeather greeted Yang and Shadepaw as they walked through the entrance, due to a recent fox attack, a few moons

before the apprentices' were born, they had at least one guard outside the camp entrance for a couple of hours. Yang dipped his head as his Clanmates greeted he and Shadepaw back.

Yang gave a solemn nod, showing that Shadepaw could go run off to his friends. As soon as Shadepaw walked away, Yang got into grooming himself.

Mudpaw and Blossompaw were back from training, for they went out earlier than Shadepaw. They both greeted him as he came over to share the plump vole that they had just started eating.

Mudpaw took a bite, then looked at Shadepaw,"So how has training gone?"

"It went okay, still haven't caught anything yet," Shadepaw groaned in embarrassment.

Blossompaw looked at him with a surprised expression,"Really? Both Mudpaw and I caught some prey. I caught this vole, and Mudpaw caught a *wimpy* mouse!" She grinned teasingly at him.

"That mouse was plump! Not wimpy! I know what's wimpy... you!" Mudpaw growled with a smile.

Shadepaw just sat there, watching as they argued about who and what was wimpy. He sighed and started to groom his fur.

Shadepaw's ear twitched at the sound of a rustle at the entrance, and the greetings of Woodfeather. He turned his head towards the front of camp to see Mosspaw and Sandcloud walking through the entrance. Mosspaw carried a blackbird proudly as he stalked through camp. Shadepaw growled under his breath, *I'm a terrible hunter! All the other apprentices have caught something, and Mosspaw caught a* blackbird! Shadepaw took a couple bites of the vole next to the quarreling apprentices, and walked away into the apprentice's den. He hated it when other cats appeared better than him, *he* wanted to be the one who had something to show-off, something to be proud of. He sighed and lay his head on his paws, and slowly drifted off into sleep.

Shadepaw woke to the sound of wails of depression outside the den. More specifically, the wails of Hollyherb, Spottedleaf, and Blossompaw. He got up, arched his back, and quickly padded over to the elders den (where the sound was coming from), and found out exactly why, they had been wailing. Silverpelt's body laid there, not breathing, no rise of her flanks, just... limp. Shadepaw stared in horror.

"She's dead," Blossompaw staggered on her paws, the bedding dropped from her jaws and onto the floor,"Our only elder! She's dead! Now there's no one to tell me miraculous stories, or, or, to scold me when I forget to do her ticks!" The apprentice fell to the ground next to Silverpelt and whimpered.

Hollyherb looked at the ground, depression showed in her body posture. "She was a good elder, a good one at advice for all. But it was her time to leave, she has done good service, to her Clan... and to me." The medicine cat sighed and dragged Silverpelt out of the den and into the middle of camp, where more wails rang in Shadepaw's ears.

Stormfur emerged from the warriors den, his torn ear twitched towards the sounds of the wails,"What's happening?!"

"You're drowning, stupid furball," Shadepaw muttered aloud. When Stormfur gave him a contorted look, Shadepaw explained properly,"Silverpelt died of age."

"Oh," the deputy said.

The cats went into their dens under the midnight moon, Longpelt volunteered to keep watch for the night, admitting that she had slept the entire day. Shadepaw sighed as he walked into a den full of sleeping apprentices. Then, he too, curled up in his nest, and fell asleep.

Chapter 3

Crowstar stood under the Highbranch, assigning cats to take with him to the Gathering. "Shadepaw, Mosspaw, Blossompaw, Yang, Sandcloud, Gearpelt, Firestorm, and Tigerpelt. Come with me to the Gathering in a couple of minutes."

This was Shadepaw's 2nd Gathering during his apprenticeship, and since then, he's caught more prey than all the other apprentices combined! Ever since Mosspaw caught the blackbird, Shadepaw has brought it up to an extreme level. He was determined he could be the best warrior in all of LightningClan. *I'll be extremely good at this Gathering, and show how well-behaved I am!*

Mosspaw shoved gently into Shadepaw,"Come on, furball. Crowstar's leaving with everyone else already. And we'll see how *well-behaved* you are!" Shadepaw's brother leaped off, joining the group. Shadepaw sighed, apparently he said his thoughts out loud.

Eventually, Shadepaw caught up with the group, they passed RainClan's territory on the way. The land on the other side of the river was murky; the small figures of fish swam in the dark, gloomy waters. The group kept walking a while, and Shadepaw got a quick glimpse of GloomClan's group heading in the same direction as they.

The group of LightningClan warriors arrived at FourStars. A star on each side of the circled meadow represented each clan's signal. Shadepaw went to settle under the Lightning Star, and looked at all the cats that gathered there. A lot of BreezeClan squished together under the Wind Star, it looked like the whole Clan was there! *Not a good idea,* Shadepaw thought.

Each leader gathered on their rock, that carried the engraving of their Clan Star Symbols. Crowstar leaped onto the Lightning Star engraved rock. Leafstar only barely managed to climb up onto the rock that had the engraving of the Shadow Star. Wavestar youthfully gave power to his hind legs and landed in the middle of

her Wind Star engraved rock. Riverstar climbed up normally to her Water Star engraved rock, and looked confidently over all the cats.

Shadepaw got excited and jumpy next to his calm brother, Mosspaw. Apparently his jumpiness bugged the GloomClan apprentice next to him;

"Watch out, furball!" The gray GloomClan apprentice smirked and looked back at the leaders. Leafstar was about to speak.

Leafstar's raspy voice rang through the air like a bird's screech as it is brought down to the ground,"GloomClan.. is doing well after our attack. We are healing and our queen, Tallear, is expecting three new kits within the next few moons *cough*. Prey is also running well." The old tom backed away slightly from the edge of his rock - to tell the other leaders that they may speak.

Riverstar and Wavestar gave Crowstar a brief nod, acknowledging that he may speak. Crowstar nodded back and cleared his throat,"LightningClan is in great condition. Our warriors are strong, same with our apprentices. Prey has been in our favor the last few moons."

Wavestar's neck fur rose as she heard Crowstar mention the prey being well in his Clan. They always had good prey; *always*. Wavestar let her fur fall flat before speaking, she wouldn't tell the other Clans that they were scarce of bunnies, and other main prey.

"Our Clan is strengthening, we have reinforced border patrols, and other daily patrols after the attack on GloomClan by the bears and badgers. Our Clan wouldn't like any *pests* on our territory. I am sad to mention that our only apprentice, Brackenpaw, had died from greencough last Leafbare." At this last part, BreezeClan started murmuring about it. Wavestar hadn't mentioned it until now.. Brackenpaw had died 11 moons ago, and they still had no apprentices left. Jaycry's kits were soon to become apprentices though.

Riverstar stepped up her sleek fur glistened in the moonlight,"RainClan is in good condition. The fish have been crowding up recently, giving us plenty of food to stock up on this

upcoming Leafbare." With a beautiful smile, she backed away.

Shadepaw glanced next to him to see the apprentice walking up towards Wavestar, her tail held high. Wavestar held her tail straight behind her, but she kept her tone calm.

"Cinderpaw, go back to your group."

Cinderpaw stepped closer,"I have a question for you." The apprentice looked around all the other Clans and smirked,"Why do you mention Brackenpaw's death *now?*"

Taken back by the question, Wavestar looked nervously at all the other cats who were staring at her. She quickly thinks up of an answer,"I - er - I mean we, forgot about it until my deputy reminde----" The leader was cut off by Cinderpaw.

"You *forgot* about the death of an apprentice? How cruel, I bet Brackenpaw hates his *mother* now for *forgetting* about him!" Cinderpaw narrowed her eyes. She was letting the secret out, in GloomClan, they sent out apprentices to other Clans (after teaching them master disguise) to spy on what is going on. Cinderpaw, accidentally being apprenticed early, and should be a warrior now, has been spying on BreezeClan.

The cats gasped, especially BreezeClan. Owlheart stepped from beneath the rock, flattened his ears and yowled at Wavestar,"Tell them the **truth,** Wavestar!!" BreezeClan joined in a chant, "Tell the truth! Tell the truth!"

Shadepaw's heart thumped, he looked up to surprisingly see the moon uncovered by clouds. He looked back at Wavestar.

The young she-cat sighed, she didn't want to express the truth, so she flicked her tail at Owlheart. The deputy narrowed his yellow eyes, and then spoke:

"11 moons ago, Brackenpaw was attacked by greencough. We thought it was blackcough, because it was so severe, but it had been identified as simple greencough. The apprentice was fed Catmint every day, but he never got better. Wavestar always ignored her

son, declaring that he wasn't *important* at the moment, for the Clan duties needed to be taken care of. Poor Brackenpaw, never got the support he needed from his mother, who didn't care when his sister, Echokit, was murdered over night. The mother who never cared what happened. She believed herself was first, then warriors, then elders, then kits and apprentices. Her family was always last! She exiled her mate after he yelled at her for not taking care of their kits. We found him dead on our borders, we believe he committed suicide," Owlheart continues,"Two quarter-moons later, Wavestar was told that her son might die. And these were her exact words >>> *'I do not care about my kits, they thrive for themselves, all I care about is the Clan. Puny apprentices of my family tree do not matter above the cost of my Clan. BreezeClan must thrive, and if killing my whole family is what I had to do, I would do it'*. BreezeClan still respects her loyalty to us, and that she thinks us as important. But we are always shocked when she says those sort of things... And then half a quarter-moon later, the death of Brackenpaw was reported. And Wavestar said, she didn't care."

Cinderpaw gasped, along with everyone else, and brought her paw over Wavestar's eyes.

Chapter 4

Cinderpaw gasped, along with everyone else, and brought her paw over Wavestar's eyes.

Her claws unsheathed, Cinderpaw swiped Wavestar's face, once... twice... Wavestar yowled in pain as she fell off her rock, and hit a jagged stone (pointing upwards), back-first. All the cats gasped as Wavestar rolled over limp into the grass. The once bright and cheerful green grass, became a puddle of darkened red. Leafstar scrunched up his nose and turned his head in the direction of Wavestar, he couldn't see her, but he knew she was injured. Riverstar stared with Crowstar, their jaws gaping..

Wavestar laid limp on the ground, her body endlessly bleeding. Cinderpaw smirked as she hopped down. But something unexpected made her jump back in small fright, Wavestar's body spasmed (or shivered..

Once...

Twice...

Thrice...

Then it stopped. Wavestar didn't open her eyes, for she was blinded by blood, but she raised herself to a crouch, and staggered as she slowly stood up. The young leader opened her eyes to slits, and yowled at Cinderpaw:

"You FOOL! How dare you attack a leader like that! And for *her* decisions? StarClan can decide if I should be punished for abandoning the family I didn't want!! Actually, StarClan can't decide anything... They're fake, savage fools! And because of this mouse-brain, I have 6 lives left!" Wavestar whipped her head to face Leafstar, "This *apprentice* deserves a punishment of death! I don't care your answer. I WILL DO WHAT I WANT!!!!!!" Wavestar

narrowed her eyes now, she unsheathed her claws, and started stalking towards Cinderpaw. The leader laughed maniacally as she bound for the death of Cinderpaw.

But then, Crowstar looked up to see the moon well-covered by clouds, the clouds turned into a storm. "Look! A storm has been summoned by our ancestors! StarClan is angry with Wavestar and Cinderpaw!!!"

All the cats except Wavestar, looked up at the sky to see the storm coming closer to FourStars. They all started frantically whispering to each other. The clouds came closer, until it hovered over all the frightened cats. Then...

[image]

The light struck towards the middle.. where Wavestar had been. The thunder and the clouds faded away, everyone gasping in horror as they saw Wavestar limp on the ground; disintegrating slowly. Her pupils and irises faded into the whites of her eyes.

All the clouds formed into the shape of a cat. Crowstar recognized it instantly as Birdwing. The cat spoke to all the Clans..

"Tonight, Wavestar joins the Dark Forest. This is never to happen again. Although most of you have no part of this, StarClan is angry with all of you...." The voice faded away, but in Crowstar's mind, Birdwing repeated those same words from several moons ago.

"Dark Power Will Conquer The Clans, For Beware A Trusted Cat, May Become The Biggest Fear"

~

Owlheart stared where Cinderpaw crouched, and where Wavestar disintegrated.. He was going to be leader. The warrior shook his head and beckoned BreezeClan to follow him back to camp. Crowstar, Leafstar, and Riverstar did the same. Cinderpaw walked proudly over to her Clan, where she was shunned by her Clanmates.

Shadepaw followed last in line, with Mosspaw.

"That.. was... AWESOME!" He whispered excitedly.

Mosspaw shook his head in disagreement,"That wasn't awesome, Shadepaw. The weather turned from 62 degrees, to 12 degrees, suddenly. Plus, a leader died, and we have a crazy warrior in the other Clan who is bound to kill us all!"

Shadepaw thought about it, then reluctantly agreed. The two apprentices walked side-by-side together until they got to camp, where Crowstar announced the conflict to anyone who didn't come.

~

After everyone was sound asleep, Shadepaw thought hard about something. He wondered what Cinderpaw felt when she attacked Wavestar. Was it anger? Or shock? Perhaps a combination of both... But how did it feel for her claws to sink into innocent flesh? Shadepaw wondered how it would be for him to do that, but he shook his head. *That would be evil!* He thought. Then Shadepaw rested his head on his paws, and closed his eyes.

Chapter 5

Shadepaw brought his paws down on his prey. Under the weight, the vole's spine snapped, and died. Shadepaw, proud, took his prey and showed it to Yang.

"Good job, Shadepaw. You've definitely been improving. Let's head to Training Valley to practice your battle skills." Yang smiled, and padded over in the direction of Training Valley.

Shadepaw dug and hole and buried his vole, and quickly caught up to Yang. It's been a while since they last practiced hunting and battle skills. Yang had gotten mild whitecough for a quarter-moon. Shadepaw didn't mind though, a small break wouldn't hurt.

The two toms padded through a dense and small tunnel, covered by low undergrowth. Barely any light passed through and into the tunnel. Luckily, the cats' adaptions to the dark helped them to see. Yang led the way out, and into a calm meadow, it had somewhat of a roof. The leaves closed in, but in the center was a gap, where light shined through and into Training Valley.

Yang sat down in the middle of the meadow and nodded for Shadepaw to do the same,"Shadepaw, this time let's pretend I'm a RainClan warrior. We've never practiced with me being a RainClan warrior. So, it might unsteady your attacks. I've learned the ways of all the warriors from different Clans, so you'll be unfamiliar with the moves. That's okay? I don't want to push you too far too fast."

Shadepaw nodded,"Yes, Yang."

"Okay, please stand and we'll get started."

The two cats stood on the grass, and prepared for training. Shadepaw's broad shoulders tensed up, ready to dodge or pounce,

whichever he had to do. Yang stood a bit further away than usual, and stood in a pose similar to an arched back. Yang's eyes were focused on his apprentice, and his pupils were thinner.

Shadepaw was indeed unfamiliar with this, but he would first have to see the way Yang would attack, that's very vital information for Shadepaw. The apprentice narrowed his eyes, and went into a hunter's crouch, the common pounce pose for a LightningClan warrior.

Shadepaw knew training was starting when Yang let out a hiss and crept forward, still with his back arched. Then Yang abruptly shot through the air and landed on Shadepaw. Shocked, the apprentice collapsed under the weight whilst Yang started "attacking" him, with sheathed claws.

Shadepaw blinked, and realized that Yang was still going, he knew that Yang was trying to give him a chance to act in defense. Shadepaw narrowed his eyes and gave power to his hind legs, Yang collapsed a couple tail-lengths away.*

***Don't know what a tail-length is? It's the cat way of saying "foot". As in the measure. (i.e. She landed a couple feet away <--Human __ Cat--> She landed a couple tail-lengths away)**

Yang got up and hissed, then he started charging Shadepaw. He brought his right paw up, then Shadepaw was stunned as Yang's *left* paw hit him in the face. Shadepaw shook his head and pounced at Yang, and let all his weight onto the tom.

Yang fell, and started moving over to the correct position so he could rake Shadepaw's underbelly. The apprentice, noticing this, jumped out of the way and cuffed his paw across Yang's own belly.

Yang smiled and got up,"Great job, Shadepaw. You've been getting better, let's pick up your prey and head back to camp."

Shadepaw nodded his head and followed Yang through the tunnel.

~

Shadepaw and Yang came to camp with prey in their jaws, Gearpelt was in front of the entrance and greeted them with a nod. Yang nodded back and dropped his prey in the fresh kill pile, Shadepaw doing the same.

The young apprentice sat down near the fresh kill pile and looked at all the apprentices playing in the thin sheet of snow. Shadepaw looked up to find snow falling down, a snowflake fell on his nose and he licked it off. His paws itched to play with his brother, until he found himself playing in the snow.

~

Jaywhisker sat a little ways from where the apprentices played. She always admits to being protective over her sons still. She smiled as she saw Mosspaw throw snow at Shadepaw. She felt that StarClan had blessed her with such wonderful kits. Jaywhisker's ears twitched, she turned her head to see Tigerpelt padding over. He sat down next to her, and lay his head on top of her own,"I love you," he whispered.

Jaywhisker smiled again gently,"I love you too."

[image]

Chapter 6

Shadepaw shivered uncontrollably in his next. His jaws were clamped together, but occasionally fell apart for breaths. Each breath let an icy gust of air flow away from Shadepaw's mouth. Leafbare was taking its toll.

Shadepaw took more of his father's genes in his breed with Burmese-lengthed fur, but had his mother's Norwegian Forest tabby stripes. His fur didn't keep him as warm as the other apprentices, proving as unfair to him.

Leafbare has left it snowing for the past few days, confining the weak and young inside camp, and dens. Shadepaw grimaced as he seemed to be bitten by the frost.

A paw prodded him in the side, he looked up to see Stormfur weakly standing above him.

"Follow me."

The old tom struggled to breathe in the frosty air, his breaths coming in short rasps. Why he was still deputy at such an old age, Shadepaw did not know. Stormfur had been 108 moons when he was selected as deputy by Crowstar. Crowstar has since then lost 2 lives over the course of 36 moons. Leaving Stormfur at 144 moons old today. Stormfur had leaked the stories of his wounds to Shadepaw and Mosspaw when they were kits. Shadepaw remembered them as if Stormfur had told them just a minute ago.

"I had developed cataracts at 84 moons old, I paid no attention to the sudden blurriness. This eventually turned to a major blindness I still carry today."

"How about your tail, Stormfur? What happened to it?" Mosskit had asked.

"Oh, my tail, lost it at 36 moons in a dog attack. That dog tore it off as easily as I could tear off a piece of rabbit," Stormfur's voice had trailed off into murmuring to himself.

The loss of Stormfur's leg was the question Shadekit had been waiting to ask,"Stormfur, your leg is missing. What happened to *that*?"

Stormfur looked up from his murmuring and continued his tale,"My leg had been severely injured in an encounter with a Twoleg. I believe the Twoleg had no intention on harming me, but I saw him as a threat. He picked me up, and I gave him a nasty bite, but when he set me down somewhere else, I lost consciousness from blood loss.

"I had woken up on a smooth marbled surface, surrounded by walls that held tools to help animals. And a Twoleg stood over me, it's mouth was covered by some sort of device, and it's hands were white up to the wrist. It's pelt was white, and it's lower pelt was as blue as the sky is today.

"I had tried to get up and run, but I was stopped by a sharp pain in my 'right hind leg'. I looked down to see only a stump where my leg had been, covered in a really long, rectangular, white thing. I was kept at this strange place for about a quarter-moon. And they released me where I came from, and, boy, was my Clan worried." Stormfur had finished with a tone of humor, and smiled at the kits.

"I'd better get back to my duties than, I hope ya'll enjoyed the stories," And with those words, the tom had "bounced" off into camp.

Shadepaw hadn't realized how far they were going after his trance of the past. A voice seemed to come from afar, but it seemed to get closer, and soon it was easier for Shadepaw to understand.

"Are you deaf!!!! Surely you can't be deaf before me! Shadepaw, are you listening!?" Stormfur was half a tail-length away from

Shadepaw's face, his tone was hard.

Shadepaw shook his head,"I am now, sir."

"Good, because we're here."

Both cats stood incredibly close to what seemed a huge crack in the land. Shadepaw carefully peered over to see what lay at the bottom. He saw a faint blue, thrashing river, and rocks lay beside it. Cracks among the gorges walls were filled with old moss. Shadepaw recognized this place from Yang's territory tour...

Green Death Gorge...

Shadepaw gaped and stepped back, and stared at Stormfur.

"W-why did you take me here?" The apprentice cowered behind the old tom.

Stormfur sighed, his sigh was full of honesty and depression,"I need to teach you something, come, sit beside me."

Shadepaw cautiously stepped next to Stormfur and sat down.

"Oh, Shadepaw, how I wished you didn't need to learn the truth. You'll be the first, and maybe the only one to know."

"You don't need to tell me, Stormfur, if it'll bring such chaos to my life, or yours," Shadepaw murmured.

"Nay, you must learn this." Stormfur twitched his stub of a tail, and a sleek black tom creeped from behind a tree.

Shadepaw contracted his eyes at the cat in horror, he was scared.

"Don't be scared, Shadepaw, it's only the truth." Stormfur stood up as the tom neared closer. Now that the strange cat was closer, Shadepaw noticed it was carrying a long metal item with attachments. Stormfur sat down again, his hindquarters raised lightly. The black tom put the metal item onto Stormfur's tail stub, and he pressed down on a button on each side. A click satisfied him.

Stormfur stood once more, and was able to wave his "tail" around. "Ah, yes, it feels nice to have a tail again. Leg?"

The black tom ran back to the tree, and came back with a metal item in the shape of a leg. They went over the same process as they did with the tail.

The tom once again ran to the tree, and came back with a bottle written with Twoleg language. The cat squeezed the bottle above Stormfur's eyes, 5 drops in each eye.

Stormfur looked back at Shadepaw as the black tom ran away for good. The old tom had pupils for once, and looked somewhat better than he did before.

"Stormfur.. I'm confused, what's going on?" Shadepaw asked.

"Oh, nothing. Only, I needed some permanent enforcements for a game of Moss Ball, except, we don't have moss, or another cat to play with so..." Stormfur narrowed his eyes, and brought his paw hard against Shadepaw.

The apprentice stumbled, and as he lost his balance again, felt himself falling. His screams cut through the air.

"So you're the moss!! Oops, forgot there was no ground there," Stormfur laughed and walked away from the gorge.

Away from the stream.

Away from the rocks..

Away from his old life...

Away from the falling, tumbling, screaming, *Shadepaw*....

[image]

Chapter 7

He felt like a bird. His fur tried to tear from his skin, the pain of the wind seeping through his body. Each rock stung like a fractured bone. He was going to die, Shadepaw was sure of it.

The apprentice barely looked down, he was close to his doom. When he hits the ground, he'll go splat. His bones will all be broken, his fur would be ripped, what a terrible way to end life.

His back hit something hard, but not hard enough to split his spine. The texture felt different than the rocky ground that he expected.

"Thank goodness, you're okay!" A young black tom with white paws, white tipped tail, and a white dash on his chest, peered over him.

Shadepaw looked up in confusion, but to just groan in pain and lay his head down. Bruises, fractures, and gashes covered his body from muzzle to tail-tip. He didn't feel like talking.

The young tom's gaze seemed to bore into Shadepaw for a while, until he realized that the tom had left. He realized he was probably going to die here.

How'd he get there again? Shadepaw seemed to have forgotten what had made him fall down the gorge. Some cat... *STORMFUR!*

Shadepaw needed to warn the others! He tried to stagger to his feet, but a sharp pain stabbed him in his paws, and a couple on his ribs. He could barely move without experiencing pain.

The black and white tom came back over to Shadepaw, but with herbs in his jaws. Shadepaw had come to shortness of breath by now, his breaths coming out short and ragged. He could barely look

up to the tom.

"Oh dear, I'm afraid I need to go find some coltsfoot too, now." The tom said, dropping his herbs, and running off.

Shadepaw had no idea what coltsfoot was, but he assumed it was an herb. He didn't want to eat anything, it was probably better to die.

The young tom came back again with green leaves in his mouth, *that's probably coltsfoot*, Shadepaw assumed.

"I probably should introduce myself now. I'm Raven of Black Night, specializing in herbs. I was over here to collect some herbs that only grew by this river, but I saw you falling, so I grabbed a bunch of feathers from birds' nests to cushion your fall. Here, eat this coltsfoot before you die from shortness of breath."

Shadepaw reluctantly chewed on the foul-tasting herb. He was going to have to take more, sadly.

"SO here, I have Blessed Thistle, Huckleberry, Ivy, Ferns, and some more stuff. So, I'll be giving you some poppy seeds so you don't need to feel it, you're in a really weak state right now, and any sudden movements to your body will hurt you, so I need to put your brain to sleep."

Once again, Shadepaw ate the herbs. He began to feel drowsy, he didn't want to leave his body to rest under some strange cat, but he had no other choice. He let the darkness fall over him like a blanket of feathers.

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Shadepaw opened his eyes in a completely different place swarming with cats. It was a huge meadow, with dens made from the shelter of large trees. Shadepaw was lying in a nest, next to other nests, and next to a crevice in the tree, the crevice held a bunch of herbs, neatly stacked upon each other. He obviously wasn't in the gorge now.

A large, bulky, brown tom walked up to him with a grim
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

smile,"Welcome, traveler. We shelter all cats we find here in the meadow of peace. You should feel safe here. I'm assuming you've met my son Raven, he probably called himself Raven of Black Night. He dreams of living in the tribes near the waterfalls but,"the tom sighed,"I don't want him too. Anyways, we'll probably keep you here a couple quarter-moons. We've seen cats like you before, maybe you could tell me some more about yourself?"

Shadepaw felt too weary to talk, but he didn't want to be rude. So he explained that he came from the Clans, specifically LightningClan, he explained the way of the Clans, and how the levels worked with age. The brown tom never interrupted, and saved his questions for the end.

"So," the tom said after Shadepaw was finished,"The *deputy* of your Clan, who has been *loyal* to everyone, made a sudden attempt in murdering you by throwing you down the gorge?"

Shadepaw nodded.

"Sounds like life is rough up there, down here, we don't tolerate any of that mouse-dung. Any act of abuse towards any aged cat, gives them a penalty. And the penalties here are harsh, only so they learn quicker. You can feel safe here. By the way, I'm Ol' Branch. My real name's Branch, but because I founded this place, I'm so old, they call me Ol' Branch."

Ol' Branch chuckled,"Well, apprentice, I'll leave you to rest, have to check on my friends."

Shadepaw smiled as Branch left. Ol' Branch seemed nice, he was already starting to like this place. Maybe it was better than Clan life, but that, Shadepaw would need to investigate further.

Chapter 8

Shadepaw came back into the meadow with a squirrel in his jaws. It had been 3 quarter-moons since he had been discovered by Raven, and his injuries had healed.

Everything was so simple in this meadow, no conflict between the cats and no one to boss him around. At least until Branch came up to him.

"Hey Shadepaw, I have something to teach you. Go ahead and drop that squirrel in the pile over there, and follow me," Branch walked off, cautiously looking behind him to see if anyone had found interest in where he was going.

Shadepaw shrugged and dropped the squirrel. He then picked up his pace until he trotted evenly next to Branch.

"A true cat shows no mercy, Shadepaw," The tom said once they were out of earshot of the others.

"None??"

"None."

"But in my Clan, we don't kill a cat unless necessary," Shadepaw objected.

"You aren't in your Clan anymore, are you?"

Shadepaw shook his head.

"That's what I thought. I need to train you, the way I did with the others, we must always be prepared for battle. This is a rather peaceful meadow, but whenever danger lurks, it's deadly. You'll probably be staying here a good ol' while, so we might as well raise you as we would."

Shadepaw thought about what Branch just said-could he possibly give up Clan life for the peaceful life down here? Perhaps...

"I see you're quite the thinker?" Branch mentioned once they entered a forest.

"I guess. But something troubles me, Ol' Branch."

"And what is that?"

"That gorge I fell down-"

"Please, the gorge is none of your worries. Get to the point or shut your jaws," The surprising attitude from Branch startled Shadepaw. He had never expected something so harsh to come out of such an old and gentle tom.

Listening to Branch's orders, Shadepaw got to the point,"I was pushed down, right? By... Stormfur? I think that's his name. But he was so loyal to everyone, I'm still surprised."

Branch thought contently,"Many, many cats take their time to plot a sudden attack of evil. I've known a cat who was 144 moons once he laid his plans in action, he died 4 days after he finished. They usually take their time because they need to gain the trust of the cats who love them.."

Shadepaw remained silent for the rest of the trip, Ol' Branch has given him enough to think about.

~

The day was more than half done by the time they stopped walking. Shadepaw's legs were too weary to walk anymore. He plopped down on the ground, not paying attention to his new surroundings.

"This, is Training Grounds. You will be trained for 12 moons, and never to leave this place until you're done. Just take in the sights before you freak your muzzle off." Branch sat down and took a deep breath.

Shadepaw reluctantly opened his eyes to see the *beautiful* sights. But what he saw made him sit straight up.

Water, and several islands along the way until you could see a very distant, and bigger land. The water was a dark blue, but very clear. He could spot several hundred fish from how high he was. The forests' trees no longer surrounded them, but only grassy plains and water.

[image]

The sights were beautiful... outstanding. Shadepaw went back to what Branch had said, then narrowed his eyes in anger.

"You can't keep me here for 12 moons, are you insane?!"

"No," Branch smiled.

"What do you expect me to do here?"

"Exactly what I told everyone else to do. All those cats in that meadow had been trained here, this exact area, Training Grounds."

"What did you tell the others to do? I like it when you're specific."

Branch laughed,"Ah, you sweet apprentice."

Shadepaw drew his ears back and grimaced.

"Swim."

Shadepaw's ears perked up,"WHAT?"

"Swim to that island you see in the distance, eat, then swim back. You should take no longer than 2 quarter moons."

"You.. WHAT? I can't do that!! The average cat would take a *moon* to do that! And I'm younger than the average cat!"

"Training Grounds is supposed to make you better than the average cat. See you in 2 quarter-moons." And with that Branch

turned back around and headed home.

Shadepaw gaped in disbelief at the large body of water. Here went nothing..

Chapter 9

Mosspaw dropped the mouse into the fresh kill pile. The pile was small, and filled with scrawny food, no one could catch anything useful since the disappearance of Stormfur and Shadepaw.

The two disappeared on the same night. Mosspaw had the strange feeling Stormfur had a huge part of it, but he disappeared too, surely he... No, Stormfur would never do that.

Crowstar has chosen Longpelt as his new deputy until Stormfur returns, or until Crowstar retires or dies. A lot of cats had seemed dismayed that Crowstar was choosing a new deputy, since they had no proof Stormfur was dead.

Mosspaw had personally agreed because it's the warrior code to choose a new deputy after the death or retirement of the old one before moonhigh. Although LightningClan had no proof of Stormfur's death, they would need a deputy until they did.

Mosspaw looked around camp, every cat was sulking. Everyone misses Shadepaw and Stormfur. Mosspaw couldn't help but notice his parents - Tigerpelt and Jaywhisker - grieving in the corner of camp.

The young tom sighed, if Shadepaw did not return within 3 moons, Mosspaw would be made a warrior without his brother. He can't bear that, not after everything they've been through together.

A yowl broke through camp, it came from Mudpaw. Mosspaw shouldered his way through everyone to meet his friend. But Mudpaw wasn't in danger, he was in grief.

Mudpaw stared down at a silver tabby she-cat, her eyes closed, her white muzzle stained with tears. Mosspaw realized in horror that the cat was his mother.

"No!" Mosspaw buried his muzzle into Jaywhisker's fur, starting to

lose it's warmth.

The apprentice turned on his friend, "How did this happen?!"

Mudpaw snarled, "It wasn't me, if that's what you're thinking!"

Clanmates had started to gather around the event. Mosspaw took no notice and shoved Mudpaw to the ground, his claws sinking into his shoulders. Mudpaw let out a yowl of pain.

"You still didn't answer my question!" Mosspaw growled.

"I - I don't know!" Mudpaw turned his head away, bracing for an attack to the muzzle.

Mosspaw loosened his grip. *Two things drive a cat to it's actions, anger, and fear.* The quote still rang in his mind. He let his anger control him.

"Sorry," He muttered to Mudpaw.

Mudpaw stood up and gazed at his old friend, "It's okay."

Hollyherb shouldered her way through, Spottedleaf a tail-length behind.

The old black she-cat leaned her ear to Jaywhisker's heart, shook her head, and moved the body onto a position where her belly-fur was showing.

"She could still be around, by the looks of it, she was over-stressed by grief. Spottedleaf, grab me some Blessed Thistle and Chamomile." Hollyherb muttered.

Spottedleaf only nodded and ran to the medicine den. She came back soon enough with two types of herbs in her jaws. She set them down.

Hollyherb picked up the Blessed Thistle and chewed it to a poultice. Spottedleaf opened Jaywhisker's jaws as Hollyherb poured in the poultice.

Hollyherb waited as her apprentice forced the poultice down Jaywhisker's throat.

"Spottedleaf, tell me again what Blessed Thistle is for?" Hollyherb mewed.

"Strengthening the heart and lungs, and increasing circulation," Spottedleaf replied.

"Good, what does Chamomile do?"

"Chamomile gives physical-"

Mosspaw jumped in between the medicine cats,"This is no time for a lesson! Focus yourself on saving my mother!"

Hollyherb pricked her ear as she listened to the last word Spottedleaf had to say, clearly ignoring Mosspaw.

"Strength," Spottedleaf murmured.

Mosspaw growled, but backed away.

"Mosspaw, I understand your in grief, but it's important Spottedleaf remembers these things so she can help cats in the future when I'm not here," She looked at Spottedleaf, "Good, give her the chamomile now."

Mosspaw didn't wait for Spottedleaf or anyone to respond. He stomped towards the apprentice den, his head ached from anger and fear. He would just have to nap until Jaywhisker would wake him - until Jaywhisker was alive.

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Mosspaw was woken as a paw prodded him in the side, he looked up his eyes filled with excitement as he prepared to see a healthy Jaywhisker. But the excitement died away as he saw a grief-stricken Tigerpelt, his father.

"Where's Jaywhisker?" Mosspaw asked cheerfully, being positive the amazing medicine cats had brought her back.

A sigh was all Tigerpelt had to do in order for Mosspaw to know.

"I'm sorry, Mosspaw. They tried everything they could, even some more herbs, but no one can bring Jaywhisker back now. All we can do is hope she has a safe trip to StarClan, and with some luck, see Shadepaw."

Mosspaw was taken back, his father was assuming his brother was dead. What was with all this negativity? Tigerpelt had always been able to cheer him up, even in the saddest of moment, but now all he did was hurt Mosspaw more.

"How could you?" Mosspaw narrowed his eyes, filled with hurt.

Tigerpelt realized what he said wasn't taken the right way, "Son, that's not what I meant -"

"I can't believe you'd think that!!" And with that, Mosspaw turned away, not caring as his paws ruined the other's nests, he looked at Shadepaw's nest, and kicked it until it remained no more. Then he stalked out of the den, out of camp, and into the forest.

Tigerpelt stared in sorrow after him, "It's not what I meant," He whispered.

Chapter 10

Shadepaw's fur was weighing him down, making it difficult to bring one paw in front of the other without gulping down water. The water surrounded him, waves crashing his head over and over again. His muzzle held awkwardly above the water.

He couldn't do this, what was he thinking?! Was Branch a fool after all? No that couldn't be, he's so wise, this training must be for a good purpose.

The thoughts of making Branch proud kept Shadepaw going. The first island in front of him was only about 2 miles away.. *2 Miles?? That's too long! I don't know how Branch expects this out of me,* Shadepaw thought.

His paws weary now, and about a mile left, Shadepaw slowed. It became incredibly hard to bear the weight of his own fur, the frigid water seemed to be freezing his bones, stiffening his movements. Shadepaw was about to give up until his paws felt ground.

The apprentice looked down to find that his paws stood on pebbles, he looked forward and saw the first island! Proud of himself, Shadepaw eased himself onto the soft grass of the island. He flopped down, welcoming the warmth and comfort it brought him.

A hiss forced him up on his paws. A black tom stood before him, his ribs were showing that he clearly hasn't had much food. But his gaze held deadly.

"What do you think you're doing here?" A low growl rumbled in the tom's throat.

Shadepaw stumbled,"I mean no harm, sir, I am only doing my training."

A gleam showed in the tom's eye as he settled down,"Oh yes, I see a lot of you. Branch forces me to give you every piece of prey I find to you, so that you won't be hungry for your 4 mile trip."

Shadepaw was inattentive to the tom, but had heard what he said. He was more interested in the gleam that had shown in his eye, there was more to this tom that he wasn't letting on.

The apprentice shook his head,"Just get me a well-fed piece of prey, and I'll be on my way."

The tom dipped his head, "Very well then." He got up and slithered down a hole.

Shadepaw gaped, how could he fit? Well, part of it was because he was scrawny, but he'd never seen a cat go down holes.

The tom came up with a good-sized fish, smelt fresh. Must've been caught recently.

The tom muttered something under his breath, Shadepaw could only make out the words "mousebrained" and "evil". Assuming it wasn't directed at him, the apprentice sat patiently.

The fish was dropped at his paws, and the tom turned over his shoulder, "I'd be careful if I were you," then he went back down the hole.

Something about the tom intrigued him, as if the tom was hiding something. In which he probably was. The black cat was keeping secrets, but if he keeps them, they are probably of no importance to Shadepaw.

Shadepaw ate the fish, and gave thanks to StarClan for it's life, then he dipped back into the water, shivering at the cold.

"Wait!" A voice behind him made him stop.

Shadepaw turned around to see the tom coming back, his paws trotting across the grass, his mouth carried leaves.

"Take these, I don't know what they're called, but they help with

travel hunger," the tom set them down, and rested his tail on Shadepaw's shoulder as the apprentice bent to eat them.

Shadepaw watched as the tom once more trudged back into his hole.

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Shadepaw's belly was at his fullest when he reached the second island. It seemed to be empty, no sign of prey or cat anywhere.

Remembering the last island, he trotted around the island looking for a hole, and sure enough he found one. It was deep and narrow, the dirt walls seemed to be brushed over in water.

Shadepaw wondered if it was worth it to go down the hole when a voice answered his question for him,"Come on down, traveler."

The sweet, soft voice drew him down, no thoughts of how he was fitting through. His eyes were intent on finding the cat that spoke. Eventually his paws met a harder surface, looked like stone.

After sitting with his tail contently wrapped in front of his paws, he looked up to see a beautiful silver tabby she-cat. Her eyes were a striking sky blue, and one of her ears were nicked. The she-cat's pelt was well groomed, every strand of fur was in place.

Somehow taking his eyes off of her, he looked around the small place. It was neat and organized, a grass nest lay off to the side, and a crevice in the side held a bunch of herbs. He flinched as he saw the fresh-kill pile was only two pieces of scrawny and meek prey.

"I know it's a shame isn't it?" The she-cat mewed.

Shadepaw looked at her and said nothing, he didn't want to hurt her feelings on how he agreed.

"Is Shadepaw the name?"

Stunned on how she knew he merely nodded.

"Oh, you must've been sent here for your dreadful training," She

sighed, her eyes full of regret.

Shadepaw looked at her, "Why is the training so bad? Sure.. 12 moons is a long while, but this way we can be strong."

She only looked away, "But you don't know our stories."

The apprentice was confused, "Can you tell me yours?"

"I never have with any cat. But something tells me, that you deserve to know. And I guess I should tell you my name first?"

Shadepaw tried hard to not blush,"I guess so."

"I'm Echodusk," She dipped her head in greeting.

The name was beautiful and matching to the she-cat. Shadepaw nodded back, "Nice to meet you."

"My story starts when I was an apprentice, like you, being normal in a Clan. Specifically RainClan, as you might recall them being your neighbor. I loved water, but one day as I was casually swimming.. The river flooded over my head, I didn't know what happened after that. Until I had opened my eyes to see an old brown tom peering over me.

"He recalled himself as Branch, or Ol' Branch. He said he could make me happy here, until I was able to return home. Quarter-moons passed by as I established life in the meadow. I was able to experience the new-coming of Raven. He was crazy, but the day after, I never saw him. I asked Branch about it, and he said he sent Raven to go 'make himself a better cat'.

"I was confused, but let it go," Echodusk sighed.

"Then, one stormy afternoon, Branch took me for a 'walk', he took me to the same place he took you, and he said to live on the second island, and never come back. Then he ran away, I was stunned for what else could I do? So I swam here... and I never returned. Only scrawny mice and some fish fill my belly these days." She looked down.

"Why would Branch do such a thing? He's so nice! Maybe he just wants you to toughen up," Shadepaw looked at her.

"For 30 moons!?" She snapped at him.

The attitude took him by surprise, but Shadepaw knew she wasn't trying to be mean, and he narrowed his eyes.

"30 moons?" Shadepaw asked.

"I learned life the hard way, I lost my family, my home, and now my self-esteem. I'm not going to let you lose it too. Have these Traveling Herbs, I'll have some myself, they're the last of my supply, but I'll never be returning, so who cares?" She lifted a smile.

Restored by her happiness, Shadepaw eagerly ate the herbs and crawled out the hole, and sat on the island, waiting for her. The sky was a dark blue, sprinkled with stars. He looked around for Silverpelt, but he saw no sign of it...

What was that supposed to mean?

Chapter 11

Shadepaw was flanked by Echodusk's pelt. The water surrounded them, lashing up at their heads. It seemed like a huge monster, trying to drown them.

Echodusk had agreed to journey with him to the other islands and back. She was a great cat, an amazing personality perfect for Shadepaw.

The night easily crept into day as the hours passed by, and as Shadepaw weakened. Echodusk was still going strong, but she seemed just the slightest bit slower. When they thought they would take the rest of the day, ground hit their paws as they reached the third island.

A pile of well-fed prey was in the middle, and four cats sat around it. One of them was a brown tom with yellow eyes. A scar reached above his eye, down it, and ended in the middle of his neck. A she-cat sat next to him, her gray fur was scrawny and her blue eyes were clouded. Her missing ear couldn't be unnoticeable.

The other two toms were older, to be considered senior warriors in Shadepaw's view. One of them had a white pelt, covered in dirt and scars. His ear was nicked, and an underbite showed his fierce personality. The last tom was a ginger tabby tom, his tail was stubbed, and his eyes seemed to be a glowing green.

These four cats seemed like they wanted a fight, and Shadepaw sure didn't feel like fighting them after his long swim.

"Don't mind their fierce looks, they're really nice," Echodusk whispered.

"Eagle! Grace, Hiss, it's so nice to see you all again," Echodusk stood up and greeted them with a friendly wave of her tail.

The brown tom with a scar over his eye, brought himself up to her face,"What about me?"

"Oh, Crag, don't think that I forgot about you," She purred.

Shadepaw immediately got jealous, but then it faded away. He realized the cats weren't as bad as they seemed.

The white tom padded up to Shadepaw, "Who is this young fellow?"

Shadepaw did his best to sit up straight and proud,"I'm Shadepaw."

"Oh the new trainer.." The cat grimaced.

The gray she-cat stood up,"He's still 'training' cats? That dumb old mousebrain!" She hissed.

Shadepaw shrank back, he didn't understand why everyone had so much hate against Branch.

The white tom looked at her,"Not around the young one, Eagle."

Eagle sat back down,"He deserves to know, we can't let another fall in that fox dung's grasp."

He snarled at her,"Leave the youngster alone! We don't need to be scaring him!"

Echodusk and Shadepaw were silent. But Shadepaw knew that Echodusk knew what was going on.

Crag looked around,"You don't belong here."

Echodusk turned flatly towards him,"We must! We've been swimming all night, we have to rest."

Crag's eyes went sympathetic,"It's dangerous here."

"Do you think I can't handle danger just because I'm a she-cat?!" Echodusk snarled,"Look at all Eagle's been through, and she's lived!"

Eagle sat up,"Okay, missy! You don't need to bring me into this."

The white tom barged into the middle of Crag, Eagle, and Echodusk,"STOP!"

"Arguing is never the answer!"

"Stop trying to make peace, Grace. You're named for your graceful strides when you run, not for your intelligence!" Crag's tail flicked irritatedly.

Grace snarled,"Are you trying to insult me?! I'm the reason you're still alive!"

Shadepaw couldn't take it anymore, he jumped onto Grace's back and dug his claws into the tom's shoulders. Taken by shock, Grace didn't react quickly enough. Blood dripped down his pelt as Shadepaw got off.

"Don't do this! It solves nothing!" Shadepaw growled.

He looked at Echodusk,"We'll live. Let's go."

Shadepaw padded over to the water and jumped in, he started paddling, clearly having no intention of waiting for Echodusk.

Echodusk shouted after him,"I'll meet you at the fourth island!!"

She purred and rubbed against Crag, and they sat down and started talking.

Chapter 12

Shadepaw was resting on the island sand, tired as ever. It was the middle of the night, and the mark of the first quarter moon. Echodusk left him alone for four days, and now she comes up. But her eyes also looked tired.

The apprentice stood up,"Great! Now I'll fail."

Echodusk came up to him,"I'm sorry. I stayed longer then expected."

Shadepaw sighed, and moved a mouse over to her. She quietly ate.

Silverpelt still has never been seen yet. Shadepaw thought quietly about the reason until a paw prodded him in the side,"We should get going."

He turned around to the frantic Echodusk in confusion,"Why? We just got here. Well, you just got here."

"We can't afford to stay!" She whispered harshly.

"You need to rest!" Shadepaw replied, louder.

Echodusk was about to object when they heard a hissing sound from the other side of the island. They looked to see what it was, and were dismayed to find a large, muscled, brown tabby tom with blue eyes. One side of his muzzle was torn up, and scars mingled with his fur.

"What do you think you're doing here?!" He hissed again, fur bristling.

Shadepaw toughened up and walked right into the cat's face,"We're just resting," He said despotically.

The cat hissed and swiped his paw hard against Shadepaw. The blow seemed to hit him like a monster as he flew across the island and fell on his side, heaving.

"You mouse-brain!" The cat turned to look at Echodusk,"What a pretty missy aren't you? You're still not welcome here," A growl rumbled in his throat.

"Oh, Torn-Fur, we are sorry to intrude, we were going to leave right away," Echodusk said nervously.

"Well then," He had a soft look in his eyes which quickly turned into hatred,"GET GOING!" He jumped forward, in close enough range to swipe at her.

Echodusk quickly ran to Shadepaw and whispered in his ear.

Shadepaw stood straight up,"No! I am not leaving without a fight!"

Torn-Fur's ear pricked up. Shadepaw glared at him, a hiss rumbled his throat. Then as fast as a bolt of lightning, he ran towards Torn-Fur. Claws slashing sides, hisses covering the clearing.

They were a huge ball of tumbling fur and splattered blood until Torn-Fur was tossed from the fight. Both toms were in a hunting crouch about seven tail-lengths from each other. Torn-fur was missing even more of his fur, scratches covered his face and body. Shadepaw on the other hand had fewer scratches, and less fur was missing.

Torn-fur took Shadepaw's position as a battle break, and lunged towards him. Shadepaw stepped aside and Torn-fur widened his eyes as he hit a boulder, head-first.

Shadepaw glared at the cat, bloody and head-split. It felt good to sink his claws into guilty flesh. Torn-fur had obviously killed innocent cats, and now Shadepaw made him pay for it.

Echodusk ran up to him,"You-you *killed* him!"

Shadepaw turned towards the water, "He deserved it."

Echodusk said nothing as they walked to the water, and dipped in. They were silent for the rest of the swim.

Chapter 13

The sixth island drew near. It's been three days since the fight with Torn-fur, and Shadepaw has never regretted killing him.

As the two cats reached the sixth island, Echodusk padded over to Shadepaw. She sat down, flank brushing next to his.

"We only have to go to the seventh island now," She murmured.

"No big deal," Shadepaw replied.

Echodusk stared flatly at him. Usually the young tom would moan and complain, especially because they'd have a long swim back. She finally realized that Shadepaw had matured over their journey through the islands together.

Shadepaw stood up, "We shouldn't stay long. I'm sure we have another cat planning to kill us."

Echodusk sighed, the last island they were at, Shadepaw had killed an innocent young she-cat named Minnow. Minnow had accidentally tried giving Echodusk rotten mouse, oblivious to the stench. Just as Echodusk was to refuse it, and point out that the mouse was rotting when Shadepaw burst over and pinned the she-cat down.

Shadepaw blamed her for trying to poison Echodusk, and with a swift swipe to the throat, Minnow fell limp. Echodusk, in rage and shock, tried to explain to him that Minnow was born with a weak sense of smell. The sleek brown tabby tom only replied that she only probably acted that way.

"Let's catch some prey and get a move on," Shadepaw's voice broke through the she-cat's thoughts.

Echodusk merely nodded and trotted off in a different direction than Shadepaw. The young tom didn't understand why Echodusk

couldn't comprehend that he was only trying to protect her. Shadepaw stopped and parted his jaws, the island was unusually covered in trees, it would provide a good meal.

His ears flicked to a crunching noise to the side of him. He quietly turned to face a small gray mouse, standing out only slightly from the brown and shriveled leaves. It was nibbling on a beech nut.

Shadepaw dropped into a hunting crouch and crept forward, bringing one paw lightly in front of the other, being careful not to step on any twigs or crunchy leaves. Once the mouse was in close enough leaping range, he pounced. His jump was perfect, and his paws landed on the mouse's spine, immediately snapping it in half and killing it.

Proud of his catch, he snapped the mouse up in his jaws, and padded towards the clearing where he and Echodusk came. The leaves crunched beneath the heavy weight of his paws as the trees gave way to a grassy clearing, where his beloved friend sat next to a vole.

He dropped the mouse and leaned his head over to eat it when Echodusk groaned. He looked up at her, "Is everything okay?"

Echodusk's eyes were tired, and she hadn't yet touched the vole, "Can we trade, Shadepaw? I don't think I can eat this whole vole."

Shadepaw hid his surprise, Echodusk was usually willing to eat anything she had to, but to act in her favor, he dropped the mouse at her paws, and took the vole. He sank his jaws into it, welcoming the warm juicy flavor of it's meat as it met his tongue.

It was sunhigh by the time Shadepaw and Echodusk were finished eating. Echodusk insisted on staying, Shadepaw said that they must keep going reluctant to her request.

The water seemed normal for him now, and Echodusk struggled to keep up. His heart told him to slow down for her, but he couldn't he had to get to this seventh island, and swim back in four days.

After a while of swimming, Shadepaw realized how far away the seventh island was, they were probably only half way through, and the sun would start to set soon. *We still have time*, Shadepaw convinced himself. He tread the water and checked behind him to see Echodusk awkwardly keeping her head above the water, he was oblivious to her struggling, nodded to himself and kept going.

It was moonrise by the time Shadepaw reached the island. It was larger than the rest, but there were no trees in sight. He turned around instantly and found Echodusk close to the island grounds. He sat down and waited for her.

As soon as Echodusk reached Shadepaw, she gave the island a good look, then gasped.

"S-Shadepaw?" She was slowly backing away.

"What?" Shadepaw snapped his head around and gaped. There stood several cats, well-muscled and teeth bared. Their claws were abnormally long, and their pelts bristled in the moonlight. Not one of the cats had a pelt that didn't range from brown to black.

Shadepaw's heart lurched as he realized that they were only good cats trying to defend their territory, but he saw reasoning with them wouldn't work. He would need to kill his way through them.

Shadepaw gave a battle cry and charged towards them, leaving a worried Echodusk behind him. He charged at a black and brown patched tom, his claws outstretched. Shadepaw's incredible weight knocked the tom down, and Shadepaw battered his unsheathed claws at him merciless. Shadepaw lounged at the tom's throat, felt his jaws clamp around flesh, and heaved his head upward with extreme force, a large piece of flesh fell beside them, and he looked back at the tom, his eyes rolled upward, and the wound on his neck stopped bleeding. His flanks grew still - Shadepaw had successfully killed him.

Grinning he turned on the other cats, their expressions held fear. And the reek of fear was the only thing Shadepaw wanted to smell.

He charged at a she-cat and pinned her down. He grabbed her ear

and flung it into the ocean. She yowled in pain and tried to batter at his belly, but he dodged. He flung himself back at her and ripped open her throat, where he left her and attacked the others showing no more mercy then he did to the first two cats.

Echodusk stared in disbelief, Shadepaw was killing again. The potentially good-hearted tom that she met wasn't the same. She had to get back to the third island, she longed for her friends, and hoped that in time, Shadepaw would come back to his normal self.

The moon was setting when Shadepaw stood in the middle of several dead bodies of innocent cats. He bore little to no scratches, and his fur was splattered with the blood of the innocent. His claws were red as well. The feeling of sinking his claws in flesh was hard to resist, the taste of blood on his tongue was like the taste of fresh mouse. He grinned looking at his work, he would come home and force to be leader of LightningClan. He wanted to be leader, he was commanding himself. He gave himself orders he couldn't disobey.

Echodusk walked up to him, disbelief in her eyes, "How could you?"

He refused to answer and jumped into the water, the fresh blood washed off easily, and the water around him turned bright red. He swam swiftly, no intention of waiting for Echodusk. He had to get back in three days.

Echodusk jumped in the water and pushed herself to go faster. The water seemed to be pulling her down, but she fought hard to keep up. Shadepaw was far ahead of her, but she wouldn't give up.

As the she-cat swam, she suddenly wondered if RainClan missed her, or even remembers her.. She shook her head, *that's not something to think about now*, she thought to herself, and pulled herself forward in beat of Shadepaw.

Chapter 14

The sun was rising, marking the beginning of the thirteenth day of his training. He had taken no pit-stops on the way to the fourth island. His legs ached and he was tired, but he had to make it back soon. And he planned to make it back with Echodusk.

Echodusk was still in the water, he would be a terrible mate - leaving her behind like this - but he loved her, and that was as much as he could give her right now.

Shadepaw looked around and parted his jaws, the air reeked of vole - he must be close to one. He turned his head, and spotted movement among the grass. His ears pressed back, and tail low to the ground, he dropped into a hunting crouch where he steadily and slowly inched forward. As the vole came into view, it was clear it was scrambling around searching for food. It stopped as it stuck it's face in a mouse burrow. Shadepaw took this as his chance and jumped. His hind legs twisted awkwardly and landed on the vole's haunches, but he dipped down swiftly and gave it a killing bite.

Shadepaw buried the vole and stalked somewhere else, aiming to find smaller prey for Echodusk. He walked into an area with some trees, and parted his jaws. He picked up the scent of mouse. Shadepaw quickly found it nibbling on a nut next to one of the trees. Since he was close enough, he spent no time stalking it and just leaped. This time landing on it's back. A snapping sound told Shadepaw that it's spine had broke.

The young tom picked up the mouse and trotted over to where he buried the vole. He dug it up and picked that up too. His mouth full of prey, he went back to the edge of the island and dropped the prey. He noticed Echodusk was closer to the island then she was earlier. She'd reach it in a couple of minutes.

Shadepaw patiently waited and thought about how impressed Branch would be when he came back. Would he be impressed? Or disappointed Shadepaw didn't come back earlier? The thought of

making Branch disappointed brought him back to Echodusk, who had just finished walking up to him.

"Eat up, we need to be on our way," Shadepaw urged her.

Echodusk didn't touch the mouse that he pushed forward, instead she flopped down on her side, flanks heaving. She didn't speak, and made no movements except for the rise of her flanks, and the twitch of her tail.

Worried, Shadepaw pushed the mouse closer to her, "Eat.. You need your strength for the way back."

"Shadepaw," Her words came before and after quick, short breaths, "I need to rest for a while," She continued, "I'm too tired."

Shadepaw's ears turned flat, "But I need to go to Branch! I've only two days!"

Echodusk weakly sat up, her breathing was close to normal again, "You've been pushing me too much! I'm not as strong or as fast as you are, and you've been pushing me so I can barely breath!"

The tom's heart instantly sank, he'd been going too far with her. He would stay here and rest with Echodusk, and they'd be back out by sunset.

He prodded the mouse in front of her, then slowly bent down to eat his vole. The vole was only bones when he laid down. His body in a ball, tail wrapped over his nose, and his head on his paws. Shadepaw enjoyed the warmth of the day's sun, and closed his eyes.

Shadepaw's eyes flickered open to see the sun starting to set. He'd slept the perfect amount of time. The tom was about to get up when he noticed Echodusk was sleeping soundly next to him. He purred at the sight of how peacefully she slept, and hated himself for needing to wake her up.

Shadepaw slowly got to his paws, and arched his back. His limbs were still a little sore, but he'd make it back.

He gently dropped a paw over Echodusk's ear, "Wake up."

A small purr sounded from her throat, "Already?"

Shadepaw laughed, "Yes, already. We need to make it back to Branch."

Echodusk slowly lifted her head, "Can we stop by the third island? I want to visit my friends."

Shadepaw sighed, it would only put a delay to his return, but he supposed he could stop by the third island, "Sure, okay."

The she-cat jumped to her paws, "Okay!" Echodusk ran over to the edge of the water, "Ready?"

Thrilled to see her energetic again, Shadepaw ran over next to her and jumped in - splashing her with water.

"Hey!" She chuckled and jumped in, quickly paddling next to him.

Shadepaw quickly swam, he would get there quickly, let Echodusk say her goodbyes, and then they'd get back by sunhigh tomorrow..

He gulped.. would they?

Chapter 15

The third island was in sight by sunhigh, although it wore them out, all the swimming made Shadepaw and Echodusk stronger and faster. But Echodusk was still a little slower, which surprised Shadepaw, because he remembered her being so swift until after they reached the third island on the way to the seventh island.

His heart thumped against his chest as he remembered how many cats he killed on the seventh island. Was that the monster he was becoming? No, he's not a monster. They were only in his way.

The sun was only slightly father down from the middle of the sky when their paws reached ground. Grace was sitting there, his grim expression greeting them. Fresh scars brushed his back, Shadepaw realized they were the scars he had given him.

"Why are you here again?" Grace growled.

Shadepaw hung his head low, "I'm sorry I attacked you last time."

Grace's gaze softened, "My temper has nothing to do about that."

Shadepaw looked back as he saw Echodusk pad up and sit down, her eyes shown with excitement.

"Come, we have bad news," Grace's eyes went grim again.

Echodusk's heart sank, what dangerous news could be lurking on this fine island?

The trio padded over to where Crag and Hiss sat next to a rise in the ground, as if a hole was dug and they out the dirt back in it. A decent sized boulder rested on the northern side of the small rise.

Shadepaw looked around, and his heart seemed to sink down into

his tail. Eagle wasn't here...

Echodusk dropped into a crouch next to the grave, "No.. Tell me this isn't *hers*!"

Grace's gaze dropped to the ground, "I'm afraid I can't tell you that."

Hiss looked up, his stubbed tail twitching, as if he still had a tail, "She had to leave us, her age came to her, and she got really sick."

Crag - head down still - murmured, "We had no herbs to help her, and we didn't have any knowledge of herbs anyway."

Shadepaw was grief stricken when he saw tears stream down Echodusk's cheeks, "She was like a mother to me," she mumbled.

Grace looked sympathetically at her, "The last words she said, was for us to tell you, that she loved you."

Echodusk inched closer to the grave, "She always helped me through hard times, I would've never made it through without her," She sniffed, "Eagle said she would never leave me."

"And she never has," Grace murmured, "Her spirit lives on in us, and she will always be next to you, Echodusk."

The silver tabby she-cat looked up, "I want her solid form back though, so I'm sure she's here."

"There's nothing we can do," Crag crept into a crouch and touched his muzzle to the grave, "Eagle, thanks for talking sense into me when I seem to lose control of my own self."

Hiss, seeing what Crag was doing, dropped into a crouch and also touched his muzzle, "You were always our strength, to keep us going, even through your temper," His mouth curved up a little on the side in sympathy.

Grace did the same, "You helped me take care of these cats, you always knew what was best, thank you Eagle."

Echodusk looked at Shadepaw, she intended to be last. Shadepaw nodded, he didn't know Eagle well, but he would have to do his best.

"Eagle, I didn't know you well, but you were wise, and strong with your heart."

Everyone looked at Echodusk sympathetically, and she dipped her muzzle to the grave, "You were like a mother to me, without you I wouldn't be here to rest upon your spirit. You always kept me going, through the storms, and through the plains. I pray that you live on happily in StarClan."

Shadepaw's mind immediately wandered off, *StarClan.. what's that again? Isn't it just a bunch of dead cats? Pssh, who has time for that? They never helped me in the first place.* But he didn't say anything

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Silence crept over the island until the moon rose and Echodusk padded up to Shadepaw.

"You ready to carry on?"

Shadepaw looked at her, "Yes, we should probably get going."

Echodusk shuffled her paws, "I meant you."

"Yeah, me, I'm ready to go. Aren't you?" His blue eyes shook with wonder as he peered at his best friend.

Echodusk looked at the water, "I'm not going, Shadepaw."

Shadepaw's heart seemed to explode, his eyes narrowed into anger, his claws slid in and out. What did she say?!

"What do you mean?!" He turned sharply at her, neck fur bristling.

Echodusk twitched her tail and Crag padded up to her sympathetically.

"I can't go on, it's not good for the.. the.." She swallowed.

This only angered Shadepaw more, "The what?!"

Crag finished the sentence for Echodusk ;

"The kits."

Chapter 16

Shadepaw's eyes narrowed, "I-I thought we were gonna be a thing!"

Echoheart looked down, "I thought so too."

His voice trembled, "Why? Why would you do this?"

"Because, I've always loved Crag... When I met you, I forgot about him," Echodusk looked as Crag gave her a dirty look, "But, on the way to the seventh island, I knew I couldn't be with you. You are.. a monster, Shadepaw. How do you not realize it?"

Her words seemed to pierce through his body, word by word, killing him, "I'm no monster! Branch is a good cat, and without his group of cats in that meadow, I'd be dead! Echodusk, you only made up that story of how you met Branch, I saw it in your eyes!"

Echodusk looked down, "You're right, it was worse."

Shadepaw only got angrier, "Stop lying! I've had enough of your fox dung! You will pay for not staying with me, YOU WILL PAY!"

And with that, the brown tabby tom jumped into the water, his thoughts were whirring as he swam towards the land that he started from.

Branch would be there at sunhigh tomorrow, and Shadepaw would have to get there in time.

Shadepaw had just passed the first island by sunrise, the forest was inching closer every minute. The tom would always try to squint and spot Branch, but he was never successful.

At this point, Shadepaw's muscles were only starting to ache, he had grown stronger since he started, and that's all Branch wanted.

(Sorry for the short chapter, but there was nothing else much to put in it. I hope you guys are enjoying! Don't forget to vote on the story and leave a comment, it would be really appreciated. You can also leave story suggestions in the comment section down below. Thanks!) ~The Tiger That Writes

Chapter 17

Shadepaw sat on the forest floor, comforted by the ground of dead leaves, fresh twigs, and the sharp tang of prey. The thought of prey made Shadepaw realize how long it'd been since he'd eaten. His belly rumbled as he stood up and arched his back. He walked over to a tree to spot a plump starling building a nest on the lowest branch. The tom lodged his claws in the bark, and slowly and quietly inched his way up.

He was at the point where he could leap, and catch the starling. And so he did. His claws caught onto the branch as he nipped up and grabbed the bird by its neck. He bit down harder as he let himself fall to the ground safely. Now that his prey was dead, Shadepaw would eat until Branch came.

Sunhigh was creeping away as Shadepaw was curled up, enjoying the warmth of the sun on his back. Branch was supposed to be here right now, but that was the least of his worries. He enjoyed the smell of the leaves and trees around him, instead of the sharp tang of the large body of water. Lost in his thoughts, Shadepaw almost didn't hear a tom speak.

"Back from your travels?"

Shadepaw looked up and saw Branch perched upon a well... branch. **(how ironic).** Branch's eyes showed pride, and he smirked as he leaped down.

The young brown tabby tom stood up in salute of his mentor, waiting for his next orders.

"You can be welcomed into our group now, Shadepaw," Branch gleamed.

Shadepaw's gaze dropped, "But you said I'd have to train for 12 moons."

The old tom's eyes looked shocked, "Did I? Oh, that was a mistake. You only had to train till leaf-bare," His tail twitched as snow started to fall.

Surprised, Shadepaw looked up to see the once clear sky. It was clouded, and his vision blurred with snow.

"I guess that's nice," He murmured.

"Well then, come on back to the meadow," Branch turned tail and started prodding towards where the sun would usually set.

The meadow was filled with delighted cats as they saw Shadepaw and Branch return. Raven ran up to Shadepaw.

"How did you do? Did Branch give you your grade yet?" He jumped up and down, the herbs in his mouth dropping to the ground.

"Grade?" Shadepaw asked, confused.

"Ya! He gives you a grade after you train! He rates you 1 out of 100! I got a 7... So I'll never have much importance in this meadow, but I'm sure you did better!" He gleamed.

Shadepaw smirked, "I'm sure I did better too."

The two jumped up onto a boulder as Branch addressed the group for a meeting.

"Shadepaw has returned safely from his travels!"

All the cats cheered, and Raven was jumping in the air and yowling gleefully.

Shadepaw smiled as Branch spoke again, "You have now finished your training, Shadepaw. So it is the time that we give you your

proper name which shall signify your acceptance into our group!"

The brown tabby tom's face lit up like the sun, he would finally be a proud member of this group.

"From now on, you shall be known as Lurking Shadow, but you shall go by Shadow," Branch announced.

All the cats cheered on, "Lurking Shadow! Lurking Shadow!"

The way they chanted his name brought back memories. It was a foggy day, and he was sitting on something.. like a rock. He was sitting next to, three other cats? They all looked familiar, but the fog blurred his vision and the memory faded away.

Shadow shook his head, *it's okay now. It's all going swell.*

(I am so sorry for the lack of updates. I have this other account that I was working on. But I hope you enjoyed this chapter!) ~The Tiger That Writes

Chapter 18

Piercing yowls rang through the air causing Shadow to jump in his sleep. The tang of blood filled his nostrils.

"Ahh, a fight! Finally!" He whispered and ran out, but there were no intruders. It was the whole group, split in half! They were attacking each other... why?

But Branch was on one side, fighting against the other half, not trying to stop it all. What was the meaning of this!?

Shadow ran out into the middle of the groups, "STOOOOOOPPP!!!!"

Everyone halted - they seemed to freeze in their positions, all staring at him.

"You heard me! Now, what's going on?!" Shadow growled.

Raven stepped up from the side that Branch was not on, "We rebelled against him! He's evil! He... tried to kill his own daughter because she wouldn't listen!" He pointed with his tail to a small kit in the corner of the camp, shivering and scared.

I growled again, "I'm sure trying to 'kill her' is a bit of an overreaction don't you think?"

Raven gasped, "You're siding with the cat who tried to kill my sister? I thought we were friends!"

Shadow gulped, he just ruined his friendship with Raven. Shaking his head he responded glumly, "We are friends! He didn't try to kill her, just... punishments."

"The punishment of death! We're over Lurking Shadow. I never

thought I'd have a friend as good as you, but then you have to rain on my parade, don't you?!" Raven stormed off away from the camp. Away from his once best friend.

Lurking Shadow's heart sank, he ruined everything again.

Branch walked up to Shadow, "He'll come back, but we need to part ways with our rebellers, they just don't understand like we do," He pointed to the cats that were fighting with him. They all bore fierce looks and bristling fur.

Suddenly in question, Shadow looked up to Branch like a kit would to its mother, "Do I belong with them?"

"Of course, you do, come on, it's time that we part from this meadow, and head up that gorge where we originated," And Branch started walking the north, beckoning with his tail for his siders to follow.

Shadow thought, was Branch right? But who would go against this wise tom? He leaped over to join them and ended up walking to a white and black striped tom, his fierce yellow eyes were narrowed. But as Shadow had walked up, his sight was focused on him.

"Greetings, I'm--" Shadow was interrupted.

"Lurking Shadow, yes, I know who you are. You know where we're going?" The tom asked.

"I believe up the gorge," Shadow replied.

"Mmm, near the Clans? I'm assuming Branch is planning to attack them," He conjectured.

"The Clans?" The word rang a bell, but he couldn't quite put his tail on it.

"Didn't you come from there?"

"I, I don't remember," Shadow narrowed his eyes as he tried to remember his past, but nothing came up.

"Well, I'm Darkness of the Moon, you can call me Moon. I've been here for some time now," Moon stated.

Shadow looked up at him, "What's your story?"

Moon chuckled, "That's something I don't hear every day."

"Is that sarcastic?"

"No."

Shadow thought for a moment, "Tell me."

"I might as well," He hummed.

"I was a lost, scraggy kit. Wandering among these premises, my pelt coated in snow. My brother had frozen to death," Moon started, his eyes looked down in depression as he sighed, "From my faint memories, I remember our mother setting us down from her jaws and promising us that she would be back. We had waited in the cold for days, but she never came back. So we ventured for a bit, thinking that we'd find our way back, but we didn't. There was nothing that could provide a shelter, and despite our long fur coats, my brother died from the cold. I just... I buried him best I could in the snow whilst I had cried, but I kept on going until I smelled cats. A bunch of them, exhilarated I,

"I had run towards them, and the first cat to greet me was this nice dark gray she-cat, she appeared to be in the start of a pregnancy, and she promised to take care of me. She turned out to be Leaf of Pretty Tree, known as Leaf. She was my foster mother, and Branch, her mate, turned out to be my foster father. I followed his footsteps, as he was very interesting in his younger days. But the day where my half-brother and half-sister were supposed to come, Leaf had bled to death, but Raven and Petal were healthy."

"Raven?" Shadow asked, "The same Raven who rebelled? He went against his own father and half-brother?"

"I could see it in his eyes that it pained him to do so, but he had a close relationship with Petal, and used to have a close relationship with Branch. But as Branch 'punished' her, Raven's heart was

broken. He couldn't bear to see his sister be attacked like that. It hurts me to leave my half siblings, but I've been loyal to Branch since the beginning. It was because of him and Leaf that I am here right now," He sighed, "If only my brother had survived a bit longer."

"I'm sorry, Moon," Shadow whispered.

"It's fine, it was thirty-six moons ago, I'm over it."

"Thirty-six? Are you really thirty-seven moons old? You look like you're only twenty-four moons!"

Moon laughed, "I get that a lot. I believe it's from my long coat that I always groom."

Shadow was about to reply but Branch's voice started before his could, "All cats, I have found a good area for our camp! We are atop the gorge now, get working and build those dens!"

Darkness of the Moon looked at Shadow, "Nice talk, see you later."

Lurking Shadow overviewed his conversation with Moon, it had similarities to his own life.

Did Shadow have a brother?

Chapter 19

Shadow growled, his fur bristled as the scent of intruder engulfed him. The scent was familiar, similar to his own, but he paid no attention to it. An intruder was an intruder. His job was to teach them a lesson, or if they refused, kill them.

"Come out cowardly furball!" He yowled.

A voice replied, but was close to silent as the wind roared, "Cowardly? Look who's talking! You won't even come in after me!"

Shadow tensed, how dare this cat insult him! "Show yourself!"

"Alright, scaredy-cat!" A white tom flecked with gray appeared from the brush. His eyes widened as he saw Shadow.

Shadow bunched up his shoulders and fluffed out his fur against the cold, "Ha! Look who's scared now!" He unsheathed his claws waiting for another retort: But the intruder stood still, his eyes still fixed on Shadow.

He growled, "What are you staring at, intruder?"

The tom gulped, he parted his jaws ever so slightly, words coming out barely a whisper, "S-Shadepaw?"

Shadow flicked his ear, irritated, "Excuse me, what?"

This time, the tom spoke louder, "Shadepaw? Is that... really you?"

Shadepaw? Shadow growled, that was the name for his weak self, he wasn't weak anymore, he was as strong as the strongest badger! "I'm Lurking Shadow, Shadepaw is no more!"

"Shadepaw! Why are you being so arrogant?" The tom mumbled quietly to himself, "I guess I should expect that.."

"Tell me your name, intruder!"

"First of all, I am not an intruder, I am currently in my own territory. Second of all, don't you even recognize me, brother?"

Shadow's jaw seemed to unhinge. Did he just say, *brother*? That can't be... Shadow didn't have a brother!

"I believe you're mistaken, I have no brother."

"I believe you do, littermate."

He growled, dropped into a crouch and pounced on the intruder, his long claws digging into flesh, the feeling made him smile but it quickly dropped into a frown.

"Tell me your name or you will pay for your ignorance!"

He chuckled, which swiftly turned into a whimper as Shadow tightened his grip, "M--Moss.. Mosspelt," He choked out.

"Moss" rang a bell, Shadow loosened his grip and his eyes widened as everything surged back into him.

His encounter with a ShadowClan apprentice.

Wavestar's death.

Jaywhisker's death..

His accusation towards Mosspaw..

He was pushed down a gorge by.. by Stormfur.

Meeting Raven..

"M..Mosspaw?" He shuddered, tears welled up in his eyes.

Mosspelt's gaze was welcoming, "Yes?"

Shadow rid his grip completely and backed up, "I... I'm sorry, I didn't remember you!" His voice softened, his shoulders relaxed, he felt so small.

"It's fine... So much has happened since you left, come back, please?" Mosspelt's eyes were saddened, longing for the true return of his brother.

Lurking Shadow thought to himself. Oh, how much he wished to go back to his brother. But how would Branch react? He couldn't leave just like that. And what about Moon? Surely they became friends on their long trek here...

"I can't," Shadow whispered softly.

"W-why?" Mosspelt shuffled his paws.

"I belong somewhere else for now," Shadow gulped and turned tail back towards camp. Leaving his brother in silence behind him.

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It was a burden on his shoulders. Every day, he thought about his encounter with his brother. No matter what happened the burden wasn't lifted. And now he was stuck with a she-cat who loved him, yet he didn't love her back...

"Lurking Shadow, can't we at least try, please?"

He sighed, "Starling Wing, we can't. I... I.." He choked on his own words.

"I don't love you, Starling," He murmured.

She gasped and started backing up, "But... but what about earlier?!"

Shadow's attitude took a sharp turn, "It was only because I didn't want to hurt you! I, I've hurt too many cats! But I can't keep it from you anymore Starling! I. Don't!. Love you! There are better toms out there for you!"

"No there isn't! All the other tom's here are cowards, you were the only one who remained strong through the sickness that rang through camp a moon ago!"
~~~

Would she ever shut up? He growled but it turned into a smile, "Follow me."

She purred, thinking the fight was over and leaped behind him. The walked into a spot where Shadow loved to sunbathe.

"Now sit," He ordered.

"Okay..."

As she sat, he lunged forward, his eyes wild, claws outstretched, teeth aiming for her throat. Starling's eyes widened and tried to skid away, but Shadow grabbed her in time and sunk his teeth into her throat and shook his head side to side, causing her flesh to rip and shred. He let go and stared at the lifeless body.

"That'll teach you."

Chapter 20

The days came and went. Moon rising and falling. Responsibility in his paws, now that Branch was dead. They had to follow him now. His orders. His word.

ShadowClan has been formed, and they plan to take out every Clan and make them suffer.

~~~

His eyes glowed blue in the darkness, "Greetings, Darkness of the Moon. My loyal deputy, what is it that troubles you?" Lurking Shadow could smell that something was up.

"You won't punish me, friend?"

"Most likely not."

"I have a mate."

"Congratulations. Who?"

A swallow cut through the silence, "Starling Wing's sister."

"Yes, Meadow Flower is nice."

"You aren't mad?"

Lurking Shadow's laugh chorused through the cave, "Of course not! Come on a patrol with me and Whisper."

Moon nodded solemnly and followed Shadow out of the cave. Shadow beckoned towards Whisper and moved on. Whisper broke from his conversation and trotted over to the patrol.

"What are we doing today?" Youth and curiosity were obvious in
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his voice. He was a new addition to the Clan recently along with Shattered Heart and Small Screw. His black fur brushed against Shadow's as if to repeat his question.

"We're only patrolling, that's all," The leader replied.

"Oh ok," Whisper meowed, clearly disappointed.

The three toms patrolled around their huge borders, reaching tail-lengths and tail-lengths. But so far, a problem has never come up. Their paws moved silently through the forest ground despite the crunchy leaves and twigs that were scattered everywhere: it was only through experience that this ability has come to them, but Whisper's paws occasionally stepped on a leaf or twig, being as young as he was.

Shadow stopped and whispered to the rest of the patrol, "Halt, we have a Clan cat here."

Whisper's eyes gleamed, "The first one we've seen!" Then he tilted his head, "Is there anyone else around?"

Shadow twitched his whiskers, "Good question. Moon, tell us, is there anyone else around?"

Moon sighed sarcastically and stepped forward - parting his jaws, "No, Shadow. Firestorm is alone."

"Ah, so you've been remembering who is who?"

Moon nodded only slightly.

They watched from the shelter of the brush as Firestorm's ear twitched. The senior warrior parted his jaws and pressed his paw on Shadowclan's borderline.

"That's odd," The tom said.

Shadow turned to Whisper, "Confront him, tell him what your mentor taught you to tell intruders."

Whisper nodded and emerged from the bushes. He steadily

approached Firestorm but gave a growl, "What are you doing here?!"

Firestorm hissed, "What do you think *you're* doing here?!"

"You're in our territory," Whisper snarled.

The warrior lashed his tail, "*Your* territory?! This is our territory that you've intruded on!"

Shadow growled from inside the bushes, if this tom didn't give up and run, he would have to be punished by death.

Whisper's lip curled, "You think I don't know that?"

Firestorm unsheathed his claws and growled, "Get off of our territory, mouse-brain!"

Whisper unsheathed his own claws, "Who are you calling mouse-brain?!"

Shadow looked at Moon, and they both walked out. Shadow stared at Firestorm.

"Greetings," Shadow nodded.

Firestorm's jaw dropped, "Shadepaw?"

Shadow laughed, "That weak name is long gone. I'm Lurking Shadow now, the leader of ShadowClan, and I demand you off my territory or you will be punished."

He drooped his ears, "Wow, you've... grown. Mentally and physically."

"Off? Or no?" Shadow growled.

Firestorm turned his gaze back to Shadow, "I intend on dying protecting my Clan, not fleeing like a mouse. Even though you were once my Clanmate, I will fight to protect this boundary."

"Oh, that's fine," Shadow chuckled, "You're lucky you don't have

to face *me,* but I do have challengers. Moon, attack. Whisper, back up if needed." Shadow walked back over to the bushes and sat as Moon sprang at Firestorm.

Firestorm was prepared and dodged to the side slashing back, successfully nicking Moon's ear. Moon counter-attacked with a dash under Firestorm's belly, scratching with hind paws, and scrabbling out. Seeming to hardly affect him, Firestorm launched at Moon, hindering his enemy's balance. Moon shook the warrior off and pounced back at him onto his back, claws dug into flesh and teeth hovering over Firestorm's neck. Moon looked at Shadow for instruction.

Shadow looked solemnly at Firestorm, "Do you give up?"

"Never!" He hissed.

"Very well, what a shame it must be for LightningClan to lose such a good warrior," Shadow flicked his ear and Moon dug his teeth into Firestorm's neck. The old tom let out a yowl as the teeth dug into him, reaching towards the bone. Whisper dove in and buckled the tom from his feet, causing Moon going in deeper and successfully causing Firestorm to go limp.

"He died a true warrior," Shadow's whiskers twitched.

Whisper shuffled his paws, "Can we at least bury him?"

Moon snarled, "Why should such a defiant body be buried? He would've been good on our side. Like Shadow said, what a shame it must be to lose him."

"We'll bury him, because it was true of him to never let down," Shadow looked at Whisper, "You must be prepared to lose your life for your Clan, protecting it, defending it, defending your Clanmates."

Whisper nodded, "I am prepared."

Shadow started heading back through the forest, his eyes seemed to be locked onto the distance, "Good. Because you'll need to be prepared for what's ahead of us," His chuckle echoed through the

trees.

Thank you guys so much for over 170 reads, I know to a lot of people - that it's really not much, but to me, it's enough. I know I won't ever really become that one person with tons of followers or tons of reads, but I love to just try, and I love you all who support me. Who support my books - it really means a lot.

Please stay tuned for the next few/last chapters.

~The Tiger That Writes

Chapter 21

His paws were the only thing he could steady. Leafbare was strong, and it was getting stronger by the day. Shadow narrowed his eyes as he looked through the blizzard over his shivering clan. They all huddled in groups, using their fur and body heat to warm each other.

His gaze drifted over to where the nursery was. It carried this feeling of darkness like ghosts seemed to haunt it. It had always felt this way since the cold took Meadow Flower and her future kits. Shadow was devastated to see how deep Moon's grief was. His hunting and fighting skills had dimmed, and now he'd barely eat. He always refused the shelter of other cats, as he slept outside the nursery where he believed that Meadow Flower's spirit remained.

"She's with her sister now," Shadow had tried to make Moon happier the other day.

"But not with me," Moon whined.

Shadow was silenced by the eerie feeling that drifted over the room.

"She's gone, and I've still got so much longer until I see her again. Why did Branch bring us up here? If it wasn't for him, Meadow Flower, and our kits would be healthy and well!" Moon had dug his claws into the ground.

Taken back by Moon's sharpness toward their former leader, Shadow sighed. He realized that Moon was only grief-stricken.

Shadow rested his tail on his friend's shoulder, "Don't worry. Don't fret over her forever, she wouldn't want that would she? She wants you to protect ShadowClan, for the sake of unborn kits." He'd nodded to Lightning Bolt and Sleek Shadow.

Shadow sighed as he sat up on the rock. He couldn't lead his Clan

to fight the other Clans now, not in this weather. Maybe he should at least wait till it calms down, then they will train and prepare to take down RainClan. He trusted Lightning Bolt to take over. And Moon would take over GloomClan. Shadow would take over LightningClan and BreezeClan. The plan would work, he was sure of it.

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Lurking Shadow waited for a quarter-moon, that was when the snow eased and eventually stopped. A thick blanket of snow covered the ground where he sat as he nibbled on a scrawny half-eaten mouse. The mouse had been saved for Small Screw, who was slowly dying from blackcough. She only managed to eat half of it before she was too weak to move, coughs shattering her skinny body. She slept all day, and Whisper had to feed her and give her water. Small Screw was only getting worse.

Shadow didn't care that he might get sick from the mouse. He knew he wouldn't die, he knew only that he needed whatever was left of the prey to help lead his cats into battle. He'd seen that they are trained well enough, and now today they would take over RainClan.

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Marsh squished under their paws as they brushed past reeds, Shadow in the lead. Moon and whisper behind him. Whisper had formed a strong bond with Shadow, he was loyal and young, always ready to help out.

The reek of RainClan hit them like a monster, it's disgusting scent seemed to bathe other scents. This would be difficult, but ShadowClan would pull through as always.

"Lightning Bolt and Sleek Shadow run in, tell them you come in peace and stay there a while, signal us at a good time so we can catch them off guard." Shadow had forced Lightning Bolt and Sleek Shadow to starve so they'd look skinny and helpless for the plot, but the two never stopped training for this day. They nodded and padded through the marsh trying their best to look like helpless

kits.

The Clan waited until Whisper came back from spying, "It seems RainClan accepted them, they're both eating fish." His voice trailed off at the word 'fish'.

Some of the cats murmured in disgust that they were eating fish, but Shadow only assumed they were doing so to fit in. As everyone thought about how gross fish were, the murmuring was cut off as a yowl pierced through the territory. Shadow nodded to his sides, and they all crept in until they were just about to enter the camp.

RainClan was staring at Lightning Bolt, who was looking terrified at the half-eaten fish, "I, I think it's poisoned! Are you trying to poison us?!"

An apprentice walked up curiously, "We haven't had a fish sickness since father was a kit! Are you sure?" He sniffed the fish.

"Yes, I'm pretty sure," Lightning Bolt replied, still looking terrified. His ear twitched.

Shadow dropped into a crouch, all others imitated, "Attack," He murmured.

Everyone jumped out of the thick brush and jumped onto an opponent, surprised yowls filling the air. Shadow lurked within the bushes, eyeing his warriors. They dodged skillfully and attacking with hard, swift blows. He winced as Whisper faltered a slide to the side, letting the RainClan tom attack him in the flanks. Shadow looked over to where Lightning Bolt and Sleek Shadow stood still, trying to still look frightened, but Sleek Shadow wasn't looking at the fight she was staring at the curious apprentice who'd sniff their fish.

He was limp. Blood oozing out of severe wounds and his mouth. Shadow felt some sympathy but moved on. This Clan will be his.

Chapter 22

RainClan was being destroyed. He needed Lightning Bolt to claim it, now.

Shadow ran over to Lightning Bolt, "Claim it," He whispered. The tom nodded and ran into the middle of the battle and yowled. All the cats stood frozen in battle, some even posed in a crouch as if they were soon to pounce.

"RainClan, give up. Your fighting is worthless against our strength. You've all been too busy to notice your fallen," Lightning Bolt spoke confidently. Good. Confidence is a skill needed to be a true leader.

RainClan looked around staring at their dead Clanmates, and the enemies that stood next to them licking their paws clean of blood. An apprentice ran over to a larger figure and nuzzled into the cat's fur, "Silentstreak, father! No!" The voice was muffled by fur.

A she-cat stared in horror at the young apprentice that lay limp by the half-eaten fish. Shadow's whiskers twitched, everything was going as planned. They'd realize how many are dead, that they are weak, and they'll give up or join them in the desperate want for a true home.

A black she-cat with blazing amber eyes stepped up, her pelt was battered and bloody from the fight, "You heartless creatures. This isn't the last of us. You've killed Silentstreak, Fishcatcher, Nightpaw and Tanglefur. RainClan, retreat." She solemnly walked away, tail held high, but only few cats followed. She turned around and stared in dismay at her Clanmates who were edging closer to ShadowClan.

"What is wrong with you?" She worried.

A tom with a dark gray dappled pelt streaked with light gray hairs spoke, "They are strong, if we give in, we might as well give in to someone who puts up a real fight. A Clanmate should be prepared to lose their life for their Clan, but you are a coward. Your life is more important than ours, just because you're surprisingly still alive?"

"Stoneblizzard, how dare you to go against the Clan you served for so many moons?" She yowled in despair.

Shadow twitched his ear. It was obvious everyone wanted this arrogant she-cat to be silenced. At the signal, Tiger Strike and Shattered heart crept up from behind and surprised the old leader. Shatter Heart buckled her from her feet while Tiger Strike jumped on top of her, raking her sides and ears. She yowled in a desperate plea for her supporting warriors to help, but they stood still. They realized they had no hope with Riverstar.

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Riverstar's body laid limp on the ground, blood soaked into the marshy grounds. The fight lasted long for it appeared Riverstar had six lives left despite her age of seventeen years.

With a hmmph, Shadow turned tail for GloomClan, but was taken by surprise as he was actually greeted first.

The cat was familiar as if Shadow had seen her before. But she was bigger and more mature as she confronted him.

"Well if it isn't the little daredevil who 'left camp'."

He recognized the voice instantly, it was Cinderpaw's, "Cinder-s-s," He shivered, "Cinder*star*?" He remembered how rebellious she had been as an apprentice, but as a leader? The thought had never come up.

"Surprised? That's everyone else's reaction," She sighed, "I thought you'd be a little... you know... *exciting*."

Cinderstar continued, "But I see you've proven that you are exciting sometimes. You've killed the old hag, congratulations. You
~~~

see, it's been a huge topic in GloomClan. Riverstar was so selfish, that she hid in her cave while the warriors fought for her. Holding her *precious little life* in a safe spot for a long time, didn't she? And I suppose she made sure that she got best pick on prey?"

A voice known as Stoneblizzard's rose, "Actually, that's exactly what she did. She got sick with greencough when I was an apprentice, and she made sure that she was taken care of *before* the kits and elders! It was nonsense, considering she was our first leader."

Another voice spoke up, "Speaking of leader's, who is our leader now? Does this group even have a leader?"

Lurking Shadow stood up and looked back at how much ShadowClan has grown, "I am your leader. I am strong. And we will overthrow the other Clans for power, and power is good. Any cat who objects against my orders will be killed on the spot. One rule from your little warrior code that we abide by, is that a leader's word is *law*," He made sure everyone heard his tensity when he said "law".

Yowls of agreement rang through the air and Cinderstar pressed against him, "My Clan is strong and brave, we will join forces. GloomClan was always trying to find a way to go against the other Clans for turning down their plea for help when we were attacked."

"Very well," Shadow dipped his head.

Everything was going well, Shadow would succeed, and nothing will stop him from that path.

Chapter 23

[image]

"Onto LightningClan?" Shadow smiled. Cinderstar had helped him take down BreezeClan with ease. They were going through a sickness, so they gave up only minutes into the battle. Most of the healthy warriors came to ShadowClan, but the others and the sick were forced out of their own territory.

Cinderstar nodded, "We're only growing stronger and have only lost some of our new recruits. We should be able to take em' down."

ShadowClan trodded towards LightningClan but a patrol caught them first.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa. What is going on here? Why is GloomClan here? Get out of our territory!" Shadow recognized the voice as Woodfeather's.

"Join us or back down!" GloomClan's deputy yowled.

"Join you? Psssh, like I'd want to do that!" This cat was unrecognizable, must be a new warrior.

Cinderstar walked up elaborately calm, "We are here to take over your Clan for good reasons. All your leaders are too foolish and dumb to lead you. We," She flicked her tail over to Shadow, "Are experienced and wise. We can make your Clans great again. If you disagree you will die or be forced out of the territory forever."

The patrol was silent for a while, Shadow's whiskers twitched when he thought he had scared them out of their pelts but then they suddenly burst out laughing.

"You're not as intimidating as you think!" A warrior laughed.

"Look at your puny warriors!" Woodfeather gurgled.

Only one tom stayed silent, staring at Shadow, "You're... you're

Mudsplash's old friend," he whispered.

Shadow hissed, "I have no friends!" He didn't notice Moon and Whisper wince beside him.

"Don't you remember Mudspla-Mudpaw?" He murmured.

Shadow widened his eyes as he remembered eating with Mudpaw and Blossompaw one afternoon after training. They laughed, but only he stayed silent. He hadn't fit in because he couldn't hunt properly. But now look at him - Shadow smirked - he was taking over the Clans!

"Oh boy do I remember him, yeah yeah, had some good times. But that is over now, I have come here to take over LightningClan. So run or join us!"

The tom shrunk back, but the rest of the patrol snarled and ran off. The tom eventually turned and ran after them. Laughing, ShadowClan started creeping forward but this time, the patrol returned with the rest of their Clan, Crowstar's determined, narrowed eyes in front.

"You may have taken the other clans, Shadow, but you can never take down LightningClan! We've heard of your plotting and saw your training. We know your every move. Back down Shadow, you'll never win!" He snapped.

Whisper closed in, his fur brushing Shadow's in fear, "Will we die today, Shadow?"

Shadow stared at the young tom in fear, surprise, and despair, "Even if we do, Whisper... We will go down together. And we'll die strong. Death is the last thing you should be worried about." He purred.

Whisper stood up shaking, but then his legs stood still as he got in a fighting stance and nodded, "I will die protecting my Clan. To save them, or to die with them."

Shadow nodded and looked at Crowstar and narrowed his eyes, "We come here to take over your territory, not your lives. If you

treasure them, I suggest you run."

"No chance, not after you killed our deputy! And decided to bury him because you were scared we'd find him?"

Whisper hissed, "We're not scared! We're just not cruel enough to just leave his body there!"

Crowstar hissed back, "Cruel *enough*?! You've taken over RainClan and BreezeClan, killing unnecessary lives! And GloomClan is with you? Cinderstar, I thought you said as a leader you'd make GloomClan stronger and feared. I am not feared by someone who takes place beside evil!"

"Oh but this is what you deserve! For putting us down when we were under attack by bears and badgers! EVERY Clan put down our pleas of help, and now they get what they deserve. Working for us, death, or no more home!" She growled.

Shadow was tired of this, "ShadowClan, ATTACK!" He yowled and charged at Crowstar while his warriors charged at Crowstar's own.

"I will get your territory!" Shadow hissed as he dodged a swipe from Crowstar.

"No chance! Not while I'm alive!" He lunged at Shadow but his face hit dirt as Shadow dodged.

"Well, this will be easy then!" Shadow hissed and nicked Crowstar's ear.

"Don't underestimate me!" Crowstar growled and lunged again at Shadow, this time predicting where Shadow would dodge and met his target. Crowstar dug his claws in Shadow's flanks and lashed his tail.

Shadow hissed in pain and kicked the leader off, "It won't be easy to kill me!"

"Same with I!" Crowstar growled as he and Shadow started circling.

Shadow swiped at Crowstar, but Crowstar dodged and ducked under Shadow's belly and pushed up. Shadow: losing his balance, stumbled and Crowstar jumped on his back raking claws against Shadow's sides and bit his neck.

Shadow yowled and ran around, successfully shaking Crowstar off. The two toms stood facing each other. Blood drizzled down Shadow's flanks, each breath quickening its stream towards the ground. Crowstar's nicked ear was stained with dry blood, and scratches covered his front legs.

"This battle won't last much longer!" Shadow hissed.

"I sure hope so!" Crowstar flattened his ears and jumped at Shadow knocking the huge tom off balance onto his back, belly showing. The LightningClan leader hissed and started raking Shadow's belly. Shadow yowled in rage and pain and used his hind legs to push Crowstar into the air. Swiftly Shadow jumped up to meet Crowstar in air and slashed at his muzzle. Both landed on the bloody grass, Crowstar stumbled but regained balance and hissed at Shadow, tail lashing angrily.

"Weak?" Shadow twitched his whiskers in amusement. Crowstar hissed in rage and dragged his claws over Shadow's own muzzle.

"I never thought I'd have to kill an old apprentice!" Crowstar mewed honestly.

Shadow stood tall, seemingly being more of a leader than Crowstar, as Crowstar was naturally smaller, "Underestimation, lived through death. Been through harsh training, heart broken. I've been through more than you will ever go through!"

Shadow crouched down, prepared to attack but he heard a familiar yowl from the ongoing battle near them. It was Whisper's.

"Whisper! I'm coming!" He stood up and started racing toward his friend, but Crowstar caught up and knocked him off the ground.

"I'm not letting you get away that easily!" He growled.

Shadow yowled in desperation as he got up again and started

towards Whisper, only to be knocked down again. He hissed as Crowstar stepped on his tail and lashed at his belly again, "*Weak?*" He mimicked.

Shadow yowled again as he brought his unsheathed claws over Crowstar's cheek and got up and ran into the battle. He immediately got lost in the frenzy of cats killing cats. Claws slashing claws. Blood splattered everywhere, Shadow even got raked by other claws "accidentally". He could hear Whisper yowl again. This time, the yowl was more desperate.

"Whisper hang on!" Shadow yowled and shoved his way through the cats towards Whisper's voice. Finally, Whisper came into view and he saw Cinderstar lashing at him. Shadow froze.

"Cinderstar?! I thought you were on our side!" He hissed and lashed his tail.

"You think I'm a fool, Shadow?! I made sure my Clan never killed a single cat in the battle against BreezeClan. We aren't a horrible Clan, we are a great Clan! We will become feared because we helped take you down! My cats are currently fighting yours! The other Clans may have made a mistake in not helping us, but we ALL make mistakes, Shadow! Even YOU!" She hissed and brought her claws over Whisper's neck and growled. She walked away in amusement, leaving the two friends alone.

Shadow ran over to Whisper, who was currently gurgling in blood, "Whisper! Whisper you can make it through, come on Whisper!!"

Whisper looked desperately at Shadow, "D-Did I f-fight good?" He murmured.

Tears welled up in Shadow's eyes, "Of course you did, Whisper! And, you can live good too, please don't.. Don't leave me! You're strong enough to make it through!"

Tears dripped down Whisper's own face, "We're... We're the b-bad guys aren't w-we?"

Shadow widened his eyes in despair, "No! No, we're not bad, Whisper! We're just... We're just, doing... what we want. No! Not that.. we..." He couldn't think of what they were doing.

Whisper smiled, "It's o-ok, Shadow. We're the bad g-guys, I know that n-now. B-but we all make m-mistakes."

Tears met blood on Shadow's face and they joined together and dripped down his face, "No, no we're not bad, Whisper, don't... Don't act this way!"

"It's o-ok, Shadow. It's o-ok..." Whisper's head rested on the ground, and his smile faded. His flanks stopped rising.

Shadow yowled loudly, "No! Whisper!" He stared desperately for some sign of life in the young cat's body. But the tom was dead cold. Shadow started crying and buried his head into his paws, "Whisper, no.."

But Shadow got up and growled, he turned around and spotted Crowstar fighting Moon in the battle. Moon.. MOON? He yowled and charged through the battle, knocking cats down on the way because of his broad shoulders and body. He leaped at Crowstar and growled, "THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT!" He hissed and slashed at the leader with both paws. He brought claws over eyes, ears, and neck. Shadow got off and watched Crowstar slowly die.

"Weak!" He murmured and turned off towards the battle looking for Cinderstar but he got knocked down. He turned his head and saw Mosspelt on top of him, tears in his brother's eyes.

"Why do you do this!" Mosspelt yowled.

"For power!" Shadow growled and kicked Mosspelt off.

Mosspelt crouched down across the clearing, "You don't need power, brother! You were amazing and great the way you *were*. Stormfur is dead! We sent many patrols out a day every day for him, and recently we just found him. I was on that patrol, and I made sure that I was the one that delivered the killing blow. I wanted him dead because we had known he was the one who

pushed you off that gorge! I wanted him dead because I *cared!* I cared about you! But now I see you here, killing my Clanmates, and mine killing yours! This doesn't have to happen... Brother, please."

Rain started drizzling down, soaking the two brother's pelts. Shadow stared at Mosspelt. His brother cared this whole time. No hatred was showing in his brother's eyes. Shadow looked at Crowstar's limp body and realized he just stole Crowstar's last life. Shadow looked at Whisper's dead body at the end of the clearing. And hatred filled him, but it quickly left. That wasn't Mosspelt's fault. Nor LightningClan's. He looked at Moon, covered in gashes, a missing ear, and scarred eye. Shadow was doing this. He was doing this to them.

Thunder sounded off in the distance, but it didn't put a dent into the fight. Tears fell onto the ground, but Shadow couldn't even tell because the rain was already doing so. Shadow looked back at his brother.

"What have I done. What am I doing?"

"Brother, everyone makes mistakes! I will be the one to forgive you quicker than anyone else, because of how much I care. Please, stop the battle, and you can stay with me. I will force everyone to forgive you if I have to!"

Shadow shook his head, "That's unneccesary, after all I've put you through."

Mosspelt stood up and walked to Shadow, "It's ok Shadow."

Shadow winced as he remembered Whisper's last words, and looked desperately at his brother.

Chapter 24

MOSSPELT'S POV

Shadow looked desperately at his brother.

Mosspelt looked down, "Brother, it's... You don't need to say that."

Shadow stared at Mosspelt but he turned around and started running. Mosspelt ran to catch up with him, his paws slapping the wet ground as he ran quickly. His breath seeming to echo as he was still lagging behind. They ran all the way to the Thunderpath but Shadow didn't stop. He kept going until he was smack in the middle of the Thunderpath. He looked at Mosspelt.

Mosspelt yowled, "Brother what are you doing?!" He stopped just before the Thunderpath and looked left and right. Thank StarClan, no monsters in sight.

Shadow stared sadly, "Ending what I've done."

"No! You can live a happy life here, everyone will forgive you eventually!" Mosspelt cried out.

"I can't live a happy life ever now, Mosspelt. My actions can not be undone. And no one will ever forget me, or my mistakes. No one will ever forgive me, brother, face the facts. As much as I'd love to stay with you, I can't put myself through the pain of seeing other's flinch when I come near. I can't put myself through the pain of seeing more of my friend's die because of me."

Ever far away, the light's from a monster appeared, still small on the horizon, Mosspelt stared desperately at Shadow, "You can't do this! Not to me! Not to Mudsplash, or Blossomheart, or Tigerpelt! I'd be the quickest to forgive you, but they'd forgive you eventually

because they are your *friends*!" The light's were coming closer.

"Brother. Stop it. Please. I want to do the right thing for once. Tell Moon, if he ever survives, that I am sorry." Shadow stared at the monster still coming closer.

Mosspelt yowled as thunder sounded off again, "Shadow don't!" He cried, "Please!" The lights were way bigger now. It was only seconds now.

Shadow looked apologetically at Mosspelt, tears dripped down his face. And suddenly a blur rushed by, and the sound of a thump. Mosspelt yelled out in rage and ran forward to the limp body of his brother. Of Shadow. No. Of *Shadepaw*.

"No, no, no, no!" Mosspelt buried his head in Shadepaw's fur. The fur was sticky with blood, and the body was cold with death. It wasn't right. Blood is supposed to be warm. So is Shadepaw.

A monster appeared on the horizon, and Mosspelt stared at it in horror. He picked his brother up by the scruff and dragged him off the Thunderpath. The monster just missing them. Mosspelt put Shadepaw down and dug a hole for hours, rain soaking it and him. He went off and picked up some somewhat dry needles and dropped them in the hole. He then picked up his brother and set him down gently and made him look like he was peacefully sleeping. Mosspelt found some lavender and chewed it, then he rubbed it on his brother's fur. Mosspelt slowly buried him, tears dripping down his face. He found some flowers and placed it on Shadepaw's grave. He walked back towards the battle which was still raging on.

He saw Moon's body laying limp on the floor and whimpered, he was too late to tell him what his brother had wanted him too. The amount of the cats in the battle had dimmed, but that was because GloomClan seemed to have left the image. But a lot were dead. He saw a small light gray she-cat, her beautiful blue eyes were clouded with death. He spotted a dark brown tom, his eyes closed, covered in blood. Mosspelt yowled and ran to Mudsplash, to his relief he was still breathing, but ever so faintly.

Mosspelt picked Mudsplash up by the scruff and dragged him to the medicine den. He made the tom eat some poppyseeds then he left to see Tigerpelt fall down whilst fighting a brown tabby she-cat. He shoved the she-cat away and picked up his father, doing the same to him that he did with Mudsplash.

Mosspelt saved all cats he could, and he pulled Spottedleaf from the battle to help them. He did what he could. But there was nothing more... Unless.... Mosspelt climbed a tree and went to the lowest branch so all could see him. He yowled so loud that his throat, the yowl froze the battle and they all stared up at him confused.

"Shade-Shadow is dead! Your leader had been hit by a monster!" He yelled.

Murmurs rippled through ShadowClan, in which only appeared to be a few cats now. A pale yellow tom growled, "Well then we have Whisper and Moon to lead us. So why are you announcing that to us?!"

Mosspelt's neck fur rose, but he forced it to lie down, "They are both dead."

The murmurs rose again, "That can't be!"

"It is so," Mosspelt looked at LightningClan, "Crowstar has also died."

Cries and yowls filled the clearing, "Who killed him!" "I don't know, but I'll kill *them*!" "They must pay!"

"Shadow killed Crowstar, but before he died, he realized he was doing wrong. That he was leading his Clan to unnecessary things!" Mosspelt looked at the three cats, "He wants you to live a better life than evil and blood. He says it's not right, and he made a mistake. He regrets every life that died on his paws." Some of these words Shadow had not said directly, but Mosspelt knew that Shadow was thinking it.

The three cats whispered to each other and left the clearing in the

rain. Their tails drooping. LightningClan did the same but they went back to their camp. All that was left were the recruits from BreezeClan and RainClan. A broad shoulder RainClan warrior stepped up:

"We have no leader or deputy, what do we do?!"

Mosspelt jumped down and looked at the tom. Few battle scratches scarred him, his green eyes were full of determination. His orange tabby, flame colored pelt stood out in a good way.

"What is your name, warrior?" Mosspelt asked.

"Flameblizzard," he replied solemnly.

Mosspelt rested his tail on Flameblizzard's shoulder. Then he rested it on his other shoulder. The Mosspelt rested his muzzle on Flamebizzards head, "I see a good choice within StarClan. RainClan has been through tough troubles and a rather weird leader. But StarClan has told me, to anoint this strong warrior, as the new leader of RainClan. For we both know he can pull RainClan through any tough situations. Even ones tougher than the one that just occured."

Mosspelt opened his eyes and looked Flameblizzard in the eyes, "Flamestar. Go get your nine lives," He purred.

Flamestar beckoned his tail to his cats and ran off to his territory, while his cats ran off, he stopped and looked thankfully at Mosspelt. Mosspelt nodded and turned to look at BreezeClan, "Does your leader still stand?"

"Yes, the leader still stands," Owlstar stepped up.

"You may go home," Mosspelt purred, "How are Redpaw and Waterpaw?"

Owlstar purred, "Well. They are Redspots and Waterdrop."

"Tell them I congratulate them," Mosspelt nodded the BreezeClan warriors off. He knew the weren't really fighting LightningClan. They had done it to thrive. To show that they weren't weak because

of Wavestar.

Mosspelt smiled and turned back towards camp. So much has happened. His brother's death, and the weakening of his Clan. But now that he needed to head to the Moonbush, his Clan would strengthen with a new leader. Mossstar. So many S's, but Mosspelt like that name.

LightningClan will thrive.

Epilogue

Nettlestar looked down from the High Rock at his Clan. Blossomheart was giving out patrols in an orderly fashion. As a deputy should. Tigerpelt was telling stories of the Great Battle to the kits in his new place as an elder.

The warriors talked among themselves happily, and Stone watched her kits be told stories. Nettlestar purred at their new queen. She was a loner walking along the edge of the Thunderpath. A patrol brought her back, seeing her pregnant, Nettlestar immediately took her in. She now had beautiful kits named Eaglekit, Whitekit, Thrushkit, and Rosekit. Now at 2 moons old, the kits loved playing with each other.

The Clan was healthy and restored with Nettlestar as their new leader. Nettlestar couldn't imagine a better life. A life as it should be. With mistakes, and rewards. With deaths, and with life. It was a good life.

Nettlestar looked at the sky and purred at it's brilliant cloudless blue. He leaped down to go change Stone's nest, for there were currently no apprentices. He came back with moss and set it down, he went through the nest and found a thistle in the nest of feathers and looked at it confused. His eyes widened and he shuddered.

The thistle that is found in the feather's nest will prove of great importance. An importance that includes bravery and gentleness that is needed to pull through the darkness.

[image]

EXTRAS

[image]

please listen to this song while reading the extras, its really fitting XD

Credit to Echoheart0324 for the idea of the name Echodusk.

Credit to One Republic, for the use of their song, Secrets, is in this book.

Credit to Erin Hunter, for the idea of a fanfiction.

Credit to my family, for inspiration :)

Credit to the owners of the pictures that I used.

FUN FACTS

Mudsplash was not able to make it through his wounds. And died soon after Mosspelt became leader.

Mosspelt became Nettlestar, not Mosstar, because it would be too many S's to pronounce and type.

This isn't the only Warriors fanfiction book I am making. This is a beginning Super Edition. Book 1 of The Thistle In The Feather's Nest arc is in the making.

Warriors: An Uncover of Strength was originally going to be the first book in an arc, but I just couldn't figure out a good way to put it in more than one book.

Crowstar realized that Shadepaw/Shadow was the prophecied cat after he sent patrols to spy.

If the idea of Stormfur pushing Shadepaw, and Shadepaw meeting the meadow group hadn't come up, Shadepaw's warrior name would've been Shadefire.

Sort of ironic how Shadow wanted to be like Firestorm in the beginning, but ended up killing him later.

Sparkkit was joined by Jaywhisker once Jaywhisker died in StarClan. They now wait for Tigerpelt and their son, Nettlestar.

I accidentally said High Rock instead of High Branch... probably more than once. This is why I won't be a true author XD

Whisper was based off of my own cat. Playful, young, curious, and brave.

Crowstar had 5 lives in the first chapter of the book. He lost the other 4 over time, 3 of those in the time Shadepaw was gone.

I was currently thinking of Yin and Yang when I created the Allegiances, so I named two cats after it. Also because I was studying it in school..

The fox attack that is mentioned in Chapter 2, which occurred before the apprentice's births, killed the other elder, Mousepelt.

Blossompaw was a really dramatic apprentice.

In Chapter 2, when Stormfur is first mentioned. He is the oldest cat in all of Warriors history. He should've been dead by then.

In Chapter 3, Crowstar took few cats to the Gathering for an unknown reason.

I kept accidentally calling Wavestar a she-cat. I fixed it.

Leafstar was only slightly younger than Stormfur.

Stormfur was a loner.

Wavestar was raped. Which is why she never wanted Brackenpaw and Echokit, and never cared that they died. (a cruel fact. Please move on)

Wavestar's "mate" was exiled for another reason then the Clans knew

I've fixed plenty of spelling errors and accidental words. I am sure there are more, but I am too lazy to fix them

When I was writing Chapter 5, an error occurred, and I lost the whole chapter, causing me to rewrite it. It was a pain.

How did Stormfur know what cataracts is? I don't know.

How did the cat know how to attach a metal leg? I do not know. How did it know how to attach a metal tail? I do not know. How did it know how to squeeze drops into eyes? I DO NOT KNOW.

Longpelt died while Shadepaw was gone. Firestorm was chosen as the deputy, but then he was murdered. Then Mosspelt was chosen. Then he died... Just kidding.

Hollyherb was killed in the Great Battle.

Spottedleaf wasn't meant to be canon. Please understand.

When Mosspaw stalked off to the forest in Chapter 10, he took a walk, and slept under a tree. He returned the next day.

Eagle, Grace, Hiss, and Crag all had to go through "training" to the third island and were forced to stay there. They had seen cats come onto their island only to die soon afterward. They had known that only 2 of 5 cats that are trained will survive.

I think we all know what happened when Echodusk sat down next to Crag ;)

Echodusk got tired easily over the chapters because she was pregnant.

StarClan and the Dark Forest had trouble deciding where Shadow would stay, but they eventually agreed that Shadow would go to the Dark Forest, and to occasionally visit StarClan. This choice was because, since he did evil, he needed to go to the Dark Forest, but because he killed himself for a good reason, and realized he was bad, he was allowed in StarClan occasionally.

Shadepaw said Echodusk would pay for leaving him. But he died... so uh... he can't really do that now.

Branch never gave Shadepaw a grade for how well he did on his training. But if he had, Shadepaw would've gotten a grade of an 87

I accidentally called a GloomClan apprentice, a ShadowClan apprentice. That's what GloomClan is based off of. In Chapter 19

Whisper was a cat true to his heart. He was too young to understand that they were the bad guys. He never belonged in ShadowClan.

"She's gone, and I've still got so much longer until I see her again." ~Moon.
Moon did see Meadow Flower and his kits after he died.

The rest of ShadowClan had no belief in any afterlife, so they automatically went to StarClan, not matter what they did. Since Shadow knew what StarClan and the Dark Forest was, he officially went wherever he belonged.

Yes, Shadow forced Small Screw to fight in the battle. Despite the fact that she had blackcough. She surprisingly survived until the battle with LightningClan. She was killed in the first few minutes of the battle by Mudsplash.

Shadow was infected with the early stages of blackcough when he was hit by a monster

Stoneblizzard, the RainClan elder, died soon after the battle

due to age. Not wounds. He refused to fight, he just wanted a strong leader.

The rise of Shadow was the first evil act in all of Warrior's history.

Cinderstar would never attack the other Clans, but she meant what she said about Riverstar.

Shadow said anyone who refused his orders would be killed on spot, but he was too busy fighting Crowstar that he didn't realize who was and wasn't fighting.

The cat who reminded Shadow of Mudpaw was Yang, who knew Shadow as his former apprentice but never mentioned it.

Whisper's death was also based off of Badgerfang's death.

Grammarly is annoying, but helpful.

If Shadow didn't commit suicide, he would've died anyways from battle wounds.

Shadow died at 3.6 years of age.

Moon died at 4.1 years of age.

Whisper died at 10.4 moons of age.

Nettlestar was listed as leader at 3.6 years of age

Nettlestar is 2 seconds older than Shadow

Lightning Bolt was devastated that Sleek Shadow died, but he started his own group of loners with Shattered Heart and Tiger Strike. Recruiting loners along the way.

Flamestar is a great leader.

Only a few cats died in LightningClan from the Great Battle.

Nettlestar chose Blossomheart as his new deputy because of

her maturity and how she accepted life and the events that occurred. He also pitied her for the death of Mudsplash, the brother she was very close to.

STAY TUNED FOR
THE THISTLE IN THE FEATHER'S NEST
BOOK ONE IN THE
THISTLE IN THE FEATHERS NEST TRILOGY

FIRST CHAPTERS COMING THIS FALL

NOT ANYTIME SOON BECAUSE I NEED A BREAK